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# ***Aileen Rahf Ron Davis Rahf***

***The most beautiful  
20 International  
Fairy Tales  
for  
Girls and Boys***

**Collection in English Language**



**Aileen & Ron Davis Rahf**

**We proudly present our 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of our edition *The most beautiful 20 International Fairy Tales for Girls and Boys* and we wish to have fun reading it.**

**Please note that some texts are in old English. With intention we did not change the original text.**



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## ENGLAND

Master Sandy's Snapdragon\*

by Eldridge S. Brooks

\* This story was first published in Wide Awake, vol. 26.

from The Children's Book of Christmas Stories

Edited by Asa Don Dickinson and Ada M. Skinner

There was just enough of December in the air and of May in the sky to make the Yuletide of the year of grace 1611 a time of pleasure and delight to every boy and girl in "Merrie England" from the princely children in stately Whitehall to the humblest pot-boy and scullery-girl in the hall of the country squire.

And in the palace at Whitehall even the cares of state gave place to the sports of this happy season. For that "Most High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland"- as you will find him styled in your copy of the Old Version, or what is known as "King James' Bible"- loved the Christmas festivities, cranky, crabbed, and crusty though he was. And this year he felt especially gracious. For now, first since the terror of the Guy Fawkes plot which had come to naught full seven years before, did the timid king feel secure on his throne; the translation of the Bible, on which so many learned men had been for years engaged, had just been issued from the press of Master Robert Baker; and, lastly, much profit was coming into the royal treasury from the new lands in the Indies and across the sea.

So it was to be a Merry Christmas in the palace at Whitehall. Great were the preparations for its celebration, and the Lord Henry, the handsome, wise and popular young Prince of Wales, whom men hoped some day to hail as King Henry of England, was to take part in a jolly Christmas mask, in which, too, even the little Prince Charles was to perform for the edification of the court when the mask should be shown in the new and gorgeous banqueting hall of the palace.

And to-night it was Christmas Eve. The Little Prince Charles and the Princess Elizabeth could scarcely wait for the morrow, so impatient were

they to see all the grand devisings that were in store for them. So good Master Sandy, under-tutor to the Prince, proposed to wise Archie Armstrong, the King's jester, that they play at snapdragon for the children in the royal nursery.

The Prince and Princess clamored for the promised game at once, and soon the flicker from the flaming bow lighted up the darkened nursery as, around the witchlike caldron, they watched their opportunity to snatch the lucky raisin. The room rang so loudly with fun and laughter that even the King himself, big of head and rickety of legs, shambled in good-humouredly to join in the sport that was giving so much pleasure to the royal boy he so dearly loved, and whom he always called "Baby Charles."

But what was snapdragon, you ask? A simple enough game, but dear for many and many a year to English children. A broad and shallow bowl or dish half-filled with blazing brandy, at the bottom of which lay numerous toothsome raisins--a rare tidbit in those days--and one of these, pierced with a gold button, was known as the "lucky raisin." Then, as the flaming brandy flickered and darted from the yawning bowl, even as did the flaming poison tongues of the cruel dragon that St. George of England conquered so valiantly, each one of the revellers sought to snatch a raisin from the burning bowl without singe or scar. And he who drew out the lucky raisin was winner and champion, and could claim a boon or reward for his superior skill. Rather a dangerous game, perhaps it seems, but folks were rough players in those old days and laughed at a burn or a bruise, taking them as part of the fun.

So around Master Sandy's Snapdragon danced the royal children, and even the King himself condescended to dip his royal hands in the flames, while Archie Armstrong the jester cried out: "Now fair and softly, brother Jamie, fair and softly, man. There's ne'er a plum in all that plucking so worth the burning as there was in Signer Guy Fawkes' snapdragon when ye proved not to be his lucky raisin." For King's jesters were privileged characters in the old days, and jolly Archie Armstrong could joke with the King on this Guy Fawkes scare as none other dared.

And still no one brought out the lucky raisin, though the Princess Elizabeth's fair arm was scotched and good Master Sandy's peaked beard was singed, and my Lord Montacute had dropped his signet ring in the fiery dragon's mouth, and even His Gracious Majesty the King was nursing one of his royal fingers.

But just as through the parted arras came young Henry, Prince of Wales, little Prince Charles gave a boyish shout of triumph.

"Hey, huzzoy!" he cried, "'tis mine, 'tis mine! Look, Archie; see, dear dad; I have the lucky raisin! A boon, good folk; a boon for me!" And the excited lad held aloft the lucky raisin in which gleamed the golden button.

"Rarely caught, young York," cried Prince Henry, clapping his hands in applause. "I came in right in good time, did I not, to give you luck, little brother? And now, lad, what is the boon to be?"

And King James, greatly pleased at whatever his dear "Baby Charles" said or did, echoed his eldest son's question. "Ay lad, 'twas a rare good dip; so crave your boon. What does my bonny boy desire?"

But the boy hesitated. What was there that a royal prince, indulged as was he, could wish for or desire? He really could think of nothing, and crossing quickly to his elder brother, whom, boy-fashion, he adored, he whispered, "Ud's fish, Hal, what DO I want?"

Prince Henry placed his hand upon his brother's shoulder and looked smilingly into his questioning eyes, and all within the room glanced for a moment at the two lads standing thus.

And they were well worth looking at. Prince Henry of Wales, tall, comely, open-faced, and well-built, a noble lad of eighteen who called to men's minds, so "rare Ben Jonson" says, the memory of the hero of Agincourt, that other thunderbolt of war, Harry the Fifth, to whom in face you are So like, as Fate would have you so in worth;

Prince Charles, royal Duke of York, Knight of the Garter and of the Bath, fair in face and form, an active, manly, daring boy of eleven--the princely brothers made so fair a sight that the King, jealous and suspicious of Prince Henry's popularity though he was, looked now upon them both with loving eyes. But how those loving eyes would have grown dim with tears could this fickle, selfish, yet indulgent father have foreseen the sad and bitter fates of both his handsome boys.

But, fortunately, such foreknowledge is not for fathers or mothers, whatever their rank or station, and King James's only thought was one of pride in the two brave lads now whispering together in secret confidence. And into this he speedily broke.

"Come, come, Baby Charles," he cried, "stand no more parleying, but out and over with the boon ye crave as guerdon for your lucky plum. Ud's fish, lad, out with it; we'd get it for ye though it did rain jeddert staves here in Whitehall."

"So please your Grace," said the little Prince, bowing low with true courtier-like grace and suavity, "I will, with your permission, crave my boon as a Christmas favor at wassail time in to-morrow's revels."

And then he passed from the chamber arm-in-arm with his elder brother, while the King, chuckling greatly over the lad's show of courtliness and ceremony, went into a learned discussion with my lord of Montacute and Master Sandy as to the origin of the snapdragon, which he, with his customary assumption of deep learning, declared was "but a modern paraphrase, my lord, of the fable which telleth how Dan Hercules did kill the flaming dragon of Hesperia and did then, with the apple of that famous orchard, make a fiery dish of burning apple brandy which he did name 'snapdragon.'"

For King James VI of Scotland and I of England was, you see, something too much of what men call a pendant.

Christmas morning rose bright and glorious. A light hoarfrost whitened the ground and the keen December air nipped the noses as it hurried

the song-notes of the score of little waifs who, gathered beneath the windows of the big palace, sung for the happy awaking of the young Prince Charles their Christmas carol and their Christmas noel:

A child this day is born,

A child of great renown;

Most worthy of a sceptre,

A sceptre and a crown.

Noel, noel, noel,

Noel sing we may

Because the King of all Kings

Was born this blessed day.

These tidings shepherds heard

In field watching their fold,

Were by an angel unto them

At night revealed and told.

Noel, noel, noel,

Noel sing we may

Because the King of all Kings

Was born this blessed day.

He brought unto them tidings

Of gladness and of mirth,

Which cometh to all people by

This holy infant's birth.

Noel, noel, noel,

Noel sing we may

Because the King of all Kings

Was born this blessed day.

The "blessed day" wore on. Gifts and sports filled the happy hours.

In the royal banqueting hall the Christmas dinner was royally set

and served, and King and Queen and Princes, with attendant nobles and

holiday guests, partook of the strong dishes of those old days of hearty

appetites.

"A shield of brawn with mustard, boyl'd capon, a chine of beef roasted, a neat's tongue roasted, a pig roasted, chewets baked, goose, swan and turkey roasted, a haunch of venison roasted, a pasty of venison, a kid stuffed with pudding, an olive-pye, capons and dowsets, sallats and

fricases"--all these and much more, with strong beer and spiced ale to wash the dinner down, crowned the royal board, while the great boar's head and the Christmas pie, borne in with great parade, were placed on the table joyously decked with holly and rosemary and bay. It was a great ceremony--this bringing in of the boar's head. First came an attendant, so the old record tells us,

"atty'd in a horseman's coat with a Boares-speare in his hande; next to him another huntsman in greene, with a bloody faulchion drawne; next to him two pages in tafatye sarcenet, each of them with a messe of mustard; next to whom came hee that carried the Boareshead, crosst with a greene silk scarfe, by which hunge the empty scabbard of the faulchion which was carried before him."

After the dinner--the boar's head having been wrestled for by some of the royal yeomen--came the wassail or health-drinking. Then the King said: "And now, Baby Charles, let us hear the boon ye were to crave of us at wassail as the guerdon for the holder of the lucky raisin in Master Sandy's snapdragon."

And the little eleven-year-old Prince stood up before the company in all his brave attire, glanced at his brother Prince Henry, and then facing the King said boldly:

"I pray you, my father and my Hege, grant me as the boon I ask--the freeing of Walter Raleigh."

At this altogether startling and unlooked-for request, amazement and consternation appeared on the faces around the royal banqueting board, and the King put down his untasted tankard of spiced ale, while surprise, doubt and anger quickly crossed the royal face. For Sir Walter Raleigh, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, the lord-proprietor and colonizer of the American colonies, and the sworn foe to Spain, had been now close prisoner in the Tower for more than nine years, hated and yet dreaded by this fickle King James, who dared not put him to death for fear of the people to whom the name and valour of Raleigh were dear. "Hoot, chiel!" cried the King at length, spluttering wrathfully in the broadest of his native Scotch, as was his habit when angered or

surprised. "Ye reckless fou, wha hae put ye to sic a jackanape trick?  
 Dinna ye ken that sic a boon is nae for a laddie like you to meddle wi'?  
 Wha hae put ye to't, I say?"

But ere the young Prince could reply, the stately and solemn-faced ambassador of Spain, the Count of Gondemar, arose in the place of honour he filled as a guest of the King.

"My Lord King," he said, "I beg your majesty to bear in memory your pledge to my gracious master King Philip of Spain, that naught save grave cause should lead you to liberate from just durance that arch enemy of Spain, the Lord Raleigh."

"But you did promise me, my lord," said Prince Charles, hastily, "and you have told me that the royal pledge is not to be lightly broken."

"Ma certie, lad," said King James, "ye maunay learn that there is nae rule wi'out its accipitions." And then he added, "A pledge to a boy in play, like to ours of yester-eve, Baby Charles, is not to be kept when matters of state conflict." Then turning to the Spanish ambassador, he said: "Rest content, my lord count. This recreant Raleigh shall not yet be loosed."

"But, my liege," still persisted the boy prince, "my brother Hal did say--"

The wrath of the King burst out afresh.

"Ay, said you so? Brother Hal, indeed!" he cried.

"I thought the wind blew from that quarter," and he angrily faced his eldest son. "So, sirrah; 'twas you that did urge this foolish boy to work your traitorous purpose in such coward guise!"

"My liege," said Prince Henry, rising in his place, "traitor and coward are words I may not calmly hear even from my father and my king. You wrong me foully when you use them thus. For though I do bethink me that the Tower is but a sorry cage in which to keep so grandly plumed a bird as my Lord of Raleigh, I did but seek--"

"Ay, you did but seek to curry favour with the craven crowd," burst out the now thoroughly angry King, always jealous of the popularity of

this brave young Prince of Wales. "And am I, sirrah, to be badgered and browbeaten in my own palace by such a thriftless ne'er-do-weel as you, ungrateful boy, who seekest to gain preference with the people in this realm before your liege lord the King? Quit my presence, sirrah, and that instanter, ere that I do send you to spend your Christmas where your great-grandfather, King Henry, bade his astrologer spend his--in the Tower, there to keep company with your fitting comrade, Raleigh, the traitor!"

Without a word in reply to this outburst, with a son's submission, but with a royal dignity, Prince Henry bent his head before his father's decree and withdrew from the table, followed by the gentlemen of his household.

But ere he could reach the arrased doorway, Prince Charles sprang to his side and cried, valiantly: "Nay then, if he goes so do I! 'Twas surely but a Christmas joke and of my own devising. Spoil not our revel, my gracious liege and father, on this of all the year's red-letter days, by turning my thoughtless frolic into such bitter threatening. I did but seek to test the worth of Master Sandy's lucky raisin by asking for as wildly great a boon as might be thought upon. Brother Hal too, did but give me his advising in joke even as I did seek it. None here, my royal father, would brave your sovereign displeasure by any unknightly or unloyal scheme."

The gentle and dignified words of the young prince--for Charles Stuart, though despicable as a king, was ever loving and loyal as a friend--were as oil upon the troubled waters. The ruffled temper of the ambassador of Spain--who in after years really did work Raleigh's downfall and death--gave place to courtly bows, and the King's quick anger melted away before the dearly loved voice of his favourite son.

"Nay, resume your place, son Hal," he said, "and you, gentlemen all, resume your seats, I pray. I too did but jest as did Baby Charles here--a sad young wag, I fear me, is this same young Prince."

But as, after the wassail, came the Christmas mask, in which both Princes bore their parts, Prince Charles said to Archie Armstrong, the

King's jester:

"Faith, good Archie; now is Master Sandy's snapdragon but a false beast withal, and his lucky raisin is but an evil fruit that pays not for the plucking."

And wise old Archie only wagged his head and answered, "Odd zooks, Cousin Charlie, Christmas raisins are not the only fruit that burns the fingers in the plucking, and mayhap you too may live to know that a mettlesome horse never stumbleth but when he is reined."

Poor "Cousin Charlie" did not then understand the full meaning of the wise old jester's words, but he did live to learn their full intent.

For when, in after years, his people sought to curb his tyrannies with a revolt that ended only with his death upon the scaffold, outside this very banqueting house at Whitehall, Charles Stuart learned all too late that a "mettlesome horse" needed sometimes to be "reined," and heard, too late as well, the stern declaration of the Commons of England that "no chief officer might presume for the future to contrive the enslaving and destruction of the nation with impunity."

But though many a merry and many a happy day had the young Prince Charles before the dark tragedy of his sad and sorry manhood, he lost all faith in lucky raisins. Not for three years did Sir Walter Raleigh--whom both the Princes secretly admired--obtain release from the Tower, and ere three more years were past his head fell as a forfeit to the stern demands of Spain. And Prince Charles often declared that naught indeed could come from meddling with luck saving burnt fingers, "even," he said, "as came to me that profitless night when I sought a boon for snatching the lucky raisin from good Master Sandy's Christmas snapdragon."

**AUSTRALIA**

Deereeree The Wagtail, and The Rainbow

from Australian Legendary Tales

Author: K. Langloh Parker

Project Gutenberg E-Book #3833

Deereeree was a widow and lived in a camp alone with her four little girls. One day Bibbee came and made a camp not far from hers. Deereeree was frightened of him, too frightened to go to sleep. All night she used to watch his camp, and if she heard a sound she would cry aloud: "Deereeree, wyah, wyah, Deereeree," Sometimes she would be calling out nearly all night.

In the morning, Bibbee would come over to her camp and ask her what was the matter that she had called out so in the night. She told him that she thought she heard some one walking about and was afraid, for she was alone with her four little girls.

He told her she ought not to be afraid with all her children round her. But night after night she sat up crying: "Wyah, wyah, Deereeree, Deereeree."

At last Bibbee said! "If you are so frightened, marry me and live in my camp. I will take care of you." But Deereeree said she did not want to marry. So night after night was to be heard her plaintive cry of "Wyah, wyah, Deereeree, Deereeree." And again and again Bibbee pressed her to share his camp and marry him. But she always refused. The more she refused the more he wished to marry her. And he used to wonder how he could induce her to change her mind.

At last he thought of a plan of surprising her into giving her consent. He set to work and made a beautiful and many coloured arch, which, when it was made, he called Euloowirree, and he placed it right across the sky, reaching from one side of the earth to the other. When the rainbow was firmly placed in the sky, and showing out in all its brilliancy, of many colours, as a roadway from the earth to the stars, Bibbee went into his camp to wait. When Deereeree looked up at the sky and saw the

wonderful rainbow, she thought something dreadful must be going to happen. She was terribly frightened, and called aloud: "Wyah, wyah." In her fear she gathered her children together, and fled with them to Bibbee's camp for protection.

Bibbee proudly told her that he had made the rainbow, just to show how strong he was and how safe she would be if she married him. But if she would not, she would see what terrible things he would make to come on the earth, not just a harmless and beautiful roadway across the heavens, but things that would burst from the earth and destroy it. So by working on her mixed feelings of fear of his prowess, and admiration of his skill, Bibbee gained his desire, and Deereeree married him. And when long afterwards they died, Deereeree was changed into the little willy wagtail who may be heard through the stillness of the summer nights, crying her plaintive wail of "Deereeree, wyah, wyah, Deereeree."

And Bibbee was changed into the woodpecker, or climbing tree bird, who is always running up trees as if he wanted to be building other ways to the [sky] than the famous roadway of his Euloowirree, the building of which had won him his wife.

**GERMANY**

Snow-White and Rosy-Red  
from *Fairy Tales From all Nations*  
by Anthony R. Montalba (via Brothers Grimm)  
Project Gutenberg E-Book #34956

In a far-distant land, there reigned a queen, who was one day driving in a sledge over the new fallen snow, when, as it chanced, she was seized with a bleeding at her nose, which obliged her to alight. As she stood leaning against the stump of a tree, and gazed on her crimson blood that fell on the snow, she thought to herself, "I have now twelve sons, and not one daughter; could I but have a daughter fair as that snow and rosy as that blood, I should no longer care about my sons." She had scarcely murmured the wish, before a sorceress stood beside her. "Thou shalt have a daughter," said she, "and she shall be fair as this snow and rosy as thy blood; but thy twelve sons shall then be mine; thou may'st, however, retain them with thee, until thy daughter shall be baptized."

Now, at the appointed time the queen brought into the world a daughter, who was fair as snow and rosy as blood, just as the sorceress had promised, and on that account she was called Snow-white and Rosy-red; and there was great joy throughout all the royal household, but the queen rejoiced more than all the rest. But when she remembered her promise to the sorceress, a strange sensation oppressed her heart, and she sent for a silversmith, and commanded him to make twelve silver spoons, one for each of the princes; she had one made for the princess also. On the day that the princess was baptized, the twelve princes were transformed into twelve wild ducks, and flew away, and were no more seen. The princess, however, grew up, and became wonderfully beautiful; but she was always wrapped in her own thoughts, and so melancholy, that no one could guess what was the matter with her.

One evening, when the queen was also in a very melancholy mood, thinking on her lost sons, she said to Snow-white and Rosy-red, "Why are you always so sad, my daughter? If there is anything the matter

with you, tell it me. If there is anything you wish for, you shall have it."

"Oh, dear mother," she replied, "all around me seems so desolate; other children have brothers and sisters, but I have none, and that is why I am so sad."

"My daughter," said the queen, "you also once had brothers, for I had twelve sons, but I gave them all up in order to have you;" and thereupon she related to her all that had occurred.

When the princess heard what had befallen her brothers, she could no longer remain at home in peace, and notwithstanding all her mother's tears and entreaties, nothing would satisfy her but she must and would set off in search of her brothers, for she thought that she alone was guilty of causing their misfortune; so she secretly left the palace.

She wandered about the world, and went so far that you would not believe it possible that such a delicate maiden could have gone to such a distance. Once she strayed about a whole night in a great forest, and towards the morning she was so tired that she lay down on a bank and slept. Then she dreamed that she penetrated still farther into the forest, till she came to a little wooden hut, and therein she found her brothers. When she awoke, she saw before her a little beaten path through the moss, and she followed it till in the thickest of the forest she saw a little wooden hut, just like that she had dreamed of.

She entered it, but saw no one. There were, however, twelve beds and twelve chairs, and on the table lay twelve spoons, and, in fact, there were twelve of every article she saw there. The princess was overjoyed, for she could not but fancy that her twelve brethren dwelt there, and that it was to them that the beds, and the chairs, and the spoons belonged. Then she made a fire on the hearth, swept the room, and made the beds; afterwards she cooked a meal for them, and set everything out in the best order possible. And when she had finished her cooking and had prepared everything for her brothers, she sat down and ate something for herself, laid her spoon on the table, and crept under the bed belonging to her youngest brother.

She had scarcely concealed herself there, when she heard a great rustling in the air, and presently in flew twelve wild ducks; but the moment they crossed the threshold, they were instantly transformed into the princes, her brothers!

"Ah, how nicely everything is arranged here, and how delightfully warm it is already," they exclaimed.

"Heaven reward the person who has warmed our room so nicely, and prepared such an excellent repast for us;" and hereupon each took his silver spoon in order to begin eating. But when each prince had taken his own, there was still one remaining, so like the others that they could not distinguish it. Then the princes looked at each other, and were very much astonished.

"That must be our sister's spoon," said they; "and since the spoon is here, she herself cannot be far off."

"If it is our sister, and if she is here," said the eldest, "she shall be killed, for she is the cause of our misfortune."

"Nay," said the youngest, "it would be a sin to kill her; she is not guilty of what we suffer; if anyone is in fault, it is no other than our own mother."

Then they all began to search high and low, and at last they looked under all the beds, and when they came to the bed of the youngest prince, they found the princess, and drew her from under it. The eldest prince was now again for killing her, but she entreated them earnestly to spare her life, and said, "Ah, do not kill me; I have wandered about so long seeking for you, and I would willingly give my life if that would disenchant you."

"Nay, but if you will disenchant us," said they, "we will spare your life; for you can do it if you will."

"Indeed; only tell me then what I am to do, for I will do anything you

wish," said the princess.

"You must collect the down of the dandelion flowers, and you must card, and spin, and weave it; and of that material you must cut out and make twelve caps, and twelve shirts, and twelve cravats, a set for each of us; but during the time that you are occupied in doing so, you must neither speak, nor weep, nor smile. If you can do that, we shall be disenchanted."

"But where shall I be able to find sufficient down for all the caps, and shirts, and cravats?" asked she.

"That you shall soon see," said the princes; and then they led her out into a great meadow, where were so many dandelions with their white down waving in the wind and glittering in the sun, that the glitter of them could be seen at a very great distance. The princess had never in all her life seen so many dandelions, and she began directly to pluck and collect them, and she brought home as many as she could carry; and in the evening she began to card and spin them into yarn. Thus she continued doing for a very long time; every day she gathered the down from the dandelions, and she attended on the princes also; she cooked for them, and made their beds; and every evening they flew home as wild ducks, became princes again during the night, and in the morning flew away again, as wild ducks.

Now it happened one day when Snow-white and Rosy-red had gone to the meadow to collect the dandelion-down--if I do not mistake, that was the last time that she required to collect them--that the young king of the country was hunting, and rode towards the meadow where Snow-white and Rosy-red was collecting her material. The king was astonished to see such a beautiful maiden walking there, and gathering the dandelion-down. He stopped his horse and addressed her; but when he could get no answer from her, he was still more astonished, and as the maiden pleased him so well, he resolved to carry her to his royal residence, and make her his wife. He commanded his attendants, therefore, to lift her upon his horse; but Snow-white and Rosy-red wrung her hands, and pointed to the bag wherein she had her work. So

the king understood at last what she meant, and bade his attendants put the bag also on his horse. That being done, the princess, by degrees, yielded to his wish that she should go with him, for the king was a very handsome man, and spoke so gently, and kindly, to her. But when they arrived at the palace, and the old queen, who was the king's step-mother, saw how beautiful Snow-white and Rosy-red was, she became quite jealous and angry; and she said to the king:--"Do you not see, then, that you have brought home a sorceress with you? for she can neither speak, nor laugh, nor cry." The king, however, heeded not his step-mother's words, but celebrated his nuptials with the fair maiden, and lived very happily with her. She, however, did not cease to work continually at the shirts.

Before the year was out, Snow-white and Rosy-red brought a little prince into the world. This made the old queen still more envious and spiteful than before; and when night came, she slipped into the queen's room, and whilst she slept, carried off the infant, and threw it into a pit which was full of snakes. Then she returned, made an incision in one of the queen's fingers, and having smeared her mouth with the blood, she went to the king, and said:--"Come now, and see what sort of a wife you have got; she has just devoured her own child." Thereupon the king was so distressed that he very nearly shed tears, and said:--"Yes, it must be true, since I see it with my own eyes; but she surely will not do so again; this time I will spare her." Before the year was out the queen brought into the world another prince, and the same occurred this time, as before. The step-mother was still more jealous and spiteful; she again slipped into the young queen's room, during the night, and, whilst she slept, carried off the babe, and threw it into the pit to the serpents. Then she made an incision in the queen's finger, smeared her lips with the blood, and told the king that his wife had again devoured her own child. The king's distress was greater than can be imagined, and he said:--"Yes, it must be so, since I see it with my own eyes; but surely she will never do so again; I will spare her this once more." Before that year was out, Snow-white and Rosy-red brought a daughter into the world, and this also the old queen threw into the serpent hole, as she had done the others, made an incision in the young

queen's finger, smeared her lips with the blood, and then again said to the king: "Come and see if I do not say truly, she is a sorceress: for she has now devoured her third child," Then the king was more distressed than can be described, for he could no longer spare her, but was obliged to command that she should be burnt alive. Now when the pile of faggots was blazing, and the young queen was to ascend, she made signs that twelve boards should be laid round the pile. This being done she placed on them, the shirts, caps, and cravats, she had made for her brothers; but the left sleeve of the youngest brother's shirt was wanting, for she had not been able to finish it. No sooner had she done this than a great rustling and fluttering was heard in the air, and twelve wild ducks came flying from the wood, and each took a shirt, cap, and cravat in his beak, and flew off with them.

"Are you convinced now that she is a sorceress?" said the wicked step-mother to the king: "make haste and have her burnt before the flames consume all the wood."

"There is no need of such haste," said the king; "we have plenty more wood, and I am very desirous to see what will be the end of all this." At that moment came the twelve princes riding up, all as handsome and graceful as possible, only the youngest prince, instead of a left arm, had a duck's wing.

"What are you going to do?" asked the princes.

"My wife is going to be burnt," said the king, "because she is a sorceress, and has devoured her children."

"That has she not," said the princes. "Speak now, sister! You have delivered us, now save yourself."

Then Snow-white and Rosy-red spoke, and related all that had happened, and that each time she had a child, the old queen had slipped into the room, taken the child, and then made an incision in her finger, and smeared the blood upon her lips. And the princes led the king to the serpent hole, and there lay the children, playing with the serpents and adders, and finer children than these could not be seen. Then the king carried them with him to his step-mother, and asked her what the person deserved who had desired to betray an innocent queen, and three

such lovely children.

"To be torn in pieces by twelve wild horses," said the old queen.

"You have pronounced your own doom, and shall suffer the punishment," said the king, and forthwith the old queen was tied to twelve wild horses, and torn to pieces. But Snow-white and Rosy-red set off with the king, her husband, and her three children, and her twelve brothers, and went home to her parents, and told them all that had happened to her; and there were rejoicings throughout the kingdom, because the princess was saved, and that she had disenchanted her twelve brothers.

**AFRICA****The Twelve Lost Princesses and The Wizard King**

from *Fairy Tales From all Nations*

by Anthony R. Montalba

Project Gutenberg E-Book #34956

Once upon a time there lived a king who had twelve daughters, whom he loved so tenderly that he could not bear that they should be out of his presence, except when he was sleeping in the afternoon, and then they always took a walk. On one occasion, it happened that whilst the king was enjoying his afternoon's nap, the princesses went out as usual, but they did not return home. This threw all the inhabitants of the country into the greatest trouble and affliction, but the king was still more grieved than any of his subjects. He sent messengers to every corner of his kingdom, and into all the foreign lands he had ever heard mentioned, causing search to be made for his daughters; but no tidings could he get of them.

So, after a time, it became quite clear to everybody that they had been carried off by some wizard. The report of this soon spread from city to city, and from country to country, till at last it reached the ears of another king, who lived far, far away, and this king happened to have twelve sons. When the twelve princes heard the marvellous tale about the twelve princesses, they begged their father to permit them to travel in search of the missing royal maidens. The old king, however, for a long time would not hear of any such thing, for he feared that he might never see his sons again; but they threw themselves at his feet, and besought him so long and earnestly that at last he yielded, and gave them leave to set out on their travels. He caused a vessel to be equipped for them, and gave the charge of it to one of his courtiers, called Commander Rod. Long, long did they sail, and whenever they touched on the coast of any country, they made every inquiry about the princesses, but could not discover the least trace of them.

They had nearly completed the seventh year since they first set sail, when a violent storm arose. It blew such a gale that they thought they

never should reach the shore; but on the third day the tempest subsided, and suddenly it became quite calm. All on board were now so fatigued by the hard work they had done during the tempest that they all went to sleep at once, excepting only the youngest prince, who became very restless, and could not sleep at all. Now whilst he was pacing the deck, the vessel neared an island, and on the shore was a little dog running backwards and forwards, and howling and barking towards the ship as if it wanted to be taken on board. The king's son whistled to it, and tried to entice it to him, but it seemed afraid to leave the shore, and only barked and howled louder still. The prince thought it would be a sin to leave the poor dog to perish, for he supposed it had escaped there from some ship that had foundered during the storm. He therefore set to work to lower the boat, and after having rowed to the shore, he went towards the little dog, but whenever he was about to lay hold of it, it sprang from him, and so lured him onward, till at last he found himself unexpectedly in the court of a great and magnificent castle, when the little dog suddenly changed into a beautiful princess.

The prince then noticed, sitting on the beach, a man so gigantic and frightful that he was quite alarmed. "You have no cause for uneasiness," said the man; but when the prince heard his voice he was more frightened still.

"I know very well what you want; you are one of the twelve princes who are in search of the twelve lost princesses. I know also where they are. They are beside my master, each sitting on her own chair, and combing the hair of one of his heads, for he has twelve. You have now been sailing about for seven years, and you have to sail for seven years more before you will find them. As to what concerns yourself, individually, you should be welcome to remain here and marry my daughter, but you must first kill my master, for he is very harsh to us, and we have long been quite tired of him: and when he is dead I shall be king in his place. Try now if you can wield this sword," said the wizard, for such he was.

The prince tried to grasp a rusty sword which hung against the wall,

but could not stir it from the spot.

"Well, then you must take a draught out of this flask," said the wizard.

The prince did so, and was then able to unhang the sword from the wall; after a second draught he could raise it, and the third enabled him to wield it with as much ease as his own.

"When you return on board the vessel," said the wizard prince, "you must conceal the sword in your hammock, so that Commander Rod may not see it. He cannot wield it, I know, but he will hate you on that account, and try to kill you. When seven more years all but three days shall have passed away," he continued, "the same that has befallen you now will again occur: a violent gale will arise, with storm and hail, and when it is over, all will be again fatigued, and lie down in their hammocks. You must then take the sword, and row to land. You will arrive at a castle guarded by wolves, bears, and lions, but you need not fear them; they will crawl at your feet. As soon as you enter the castle, you will see the giant sitting in a splendidly adorned chamber, and a princess will be seated on her own chair, beside one of his twelve heads. As soon as you see him you must with all speed cut off one head after the other, before he awakes, for should he do that, he will eat you alive."

The prince returned to the ship with the sword, and did not forget what the wizard had told him. The others were still lying sound asleep, so he concealed the sword in his hammock without Commander Rod or any of the others perceiving it. A breeze now sprang up, and the prince awakened the crew, and told them that with such a fair wind they must no longer lie sleeping there. Time wore on, and the prince was for ever thinking of the adventure that awaited him, and much doubted that it would have a fortunate issue.

At last, when seven years all but three days were over, everything happened just as the wizard had foretold. A fierce tempest arose, and lasted three days, and when it was over the whole crew were fatigued,

and lay down to sleep in their hammocks. The youngest prince, however, then rowed to the shore, and there he found the castle, guarded by wolves, bears, and lions, who all crawled at his feet, so that he entered without opposition. In one of the apartments sat the king, asleep, and the twelve princesses sat each on her chair, employed as the wizard had said. The prince made signs to them that they should retire; they however pointed to the wizard, and signed to him in return that he had better quickly withdraw. But he tried to make them understand, by looks and gestures, that he was come to deliver them, and when, at length, they understood his design, they stole softly away one after the other. Then the prince rushed on the wizard king, and cut off his heads, so that the blood flowed like a great river, and when he had convinced himself that the wizard was dead, he rowed back to the vessel, and again concealed the sword. He thought he had now done enough unaided, and as he could not carry the giant's corpse out of the castle without assistance, he resolved that the others should help him. He therefore awakened them, and told them it was a shame that they should lie sleeping there, whilst he had found the princesses, and delivered them out of the wizard's power. They all laughed at him, and said he must have been asleep too, and had only dreamt that he had become such a hero; for it was far more likely that one of themselves should deliver the princesses than such a youth as he.

Then the prince told them all that had happened, so they consented to row to the land, and when they beheld the river of blood, and the wizard's castle, and his twelve heads lying there, and saw also the twelve princesses, they were convinced that he had spoken the truth, and so assisted him in throwing the heads and the corpse of the wizard into the sea. They were now all right merry and pleased, but none were better pleased than the princesses to be delivered from the task of sitting all day beside the giant, combing his twelve heads.

The princes and princesses, after they had collected as much of the gold and silver, and as many of the costly articles in the castle as they could carry, returned to the vessel, and again set sail. They had not gone far, however, when the princesses recollect that, in their joy, they had omitted to bring away with them their golden crowns,

which were in a great chest, and these they very much desired to have with them. As no one else seemed inclined to go back for them, the youngest of the king's sons said: "Since I have already dared to do so much, I may as well also fetch the golden crowns, if you will take in the sails and wait my return."

Yes, they were willing to do that; they would lower the sails and wait till he returned. But the prince was no sooner out of sight of the vessel than Commander Rod, who wished to play the principal part, and to marry the youngest princess, said: "It was no use for us to stay here waiting for the prince, who, we may be sure, will not come back; besides," added he, "you know full well that the king has given to me full power to sail when and where I think proper;" then he insisted further that they should all say that it was he who had set the princesses free: and if any one of them should dare to say otherwise it should cost him his life. The princes were afraid to contradict him, so they sailed away. Meanwhile the younger prince had rowed to the shore, and soon found in the castle the chest containing the golden crowns, and after a great deal of trouble and fatigue, for it was very heavy, he succeeded in heaving it into the boat. But when he got out into the open sea, the ship was no longer in sight. He looked north, south, east, and west, but no trace could he discover of it, and he quickly guessed what had occurred. He knew that to row after it would be quite useless, so he had only to turn back and row again to the shore. It is true that he was rather alarmed at the idea of passing the night all alone in the castle, but there was no avoiding it; so he screwed up his courage as well as he could, locked all the gates and doors, and lay down to sleep in a bed which he found ready prepared in one of the apartments. But he felt very uneasy, and became much more terrified, on presently hearing in the roof over his head, and along the walls, a creaking and cracking, as if the castle were about to split asunder; and then came a great rustling close to his bed, like a whole haystack falling down. However, he was in some degree comforted when he immediately after the noise heard a voice bidding him not to be alarmed.

"Fear not, fear not, thy friend I am;

I am the wondrous bird called Dam.  
 When thou'rt in trouble call on me:  
 I shall be near to succour thee,"  
 said the voice, and then added: "As soon as you wake to-morrow  
 morning, you must go directly to the Stabur [4], and fetch me four  
 bushels of rye for my breakfast; I must have a good meal, otherwise I  
 can do nothing for you."

[Footnote 4: A building used as a kind of store-room or larder, and supported on short pillars or posts, so as not to allow it to touch the ground.]

When the prince awoke in the morning, he saw by his bed-side a terribly large bird, who had a feather at the back of his head as long as a half-grown fir tree. The prince immediately went to the Stabur and brought thence four bushels of rye, as the wondrous bird Dam had commanded, who, as soon as he had taken his breakfast, desired the prince to hang the chest containing the golden crowns on one side of his neck, and as much gold and silver as would balance it on the other, and then to get upon his back and hold fast by the long feather. The prince obeyed and off they went, whizzing through the air at such a rate, that in a very short time they found themselves exactly above the ship. The prince then wished to go on board, that he might get the sword which the wizard had given him.

But the wondrous bird Dam told him that he must not do so: "Commander Rod," added he, "will not discover it; but if you go on board he will try to kill you, for he very much wishes to marry the youngest princess; but make yourself easy about her, for every night she places a drawn sword on the bed by her side."

At last they reached the castle of the wizard prince, who gave the young prince a hearty welcome. He seemed as if he could not make enough of him, for having killed his sovereign, in whose stead he was now king. He would willingly have given his daughter and half his kingdom to the young prince, but that the latter was so much in love with the youngest of the twelve princesses, that he could think of no

one but her, and he was all impatience to be off again.

The wizard, however, besought him to have a little patience, and told him that the princesses were doomed to sail about still for twice seven years before they could return home. As to the youngest princess, the wizard said exactly the same as the wondrous bird Dam: "You may be quite at ease concerning her," said he, "for she always carries a drawn sword to bed with her. And if you do not believe me, you may go on board when they next sail past this place, to convince yourself; and, at the same time, bring me the sword I lent you, for I must positively have it back."

Now after seven years' more wandering, the princes and princesses were again sailing past the island; a terrible storm came on as before, and after it was over the king's son went on board and found them all fast asleep as on the former occasions; but by each of the princes a princess also lay asleep. Only the youngest princess slept alone, with a naked sword beside her; and on the floor, in front of the bed, lay Commander Rod, also sound asleep. The king's son took the sword from his hammock, and rowed to the island, without any one having perceived that he had been on board.

The prince, however, grew more and more impatient, always wishing to set out again.

At length, when the second seven years were completed all but three weeks, the wizard said to him: "Now you may prepare for your voyage, since you are determined not to remain with us. I will lend you an iron boat that will go of itself on the water, by your merely saying to it: 'Boat, go forwards.' In the boat you will find a boat-hook, which you must lift up a little when you see the ship right before you. Such a fresh breeze will then spring up, that the ship's crew will forget to look after you. As soon as you get near the ship, raise the boat-hook a little higher, and then a storm will arise that will give them other work to do than spying after you. When you shall have passed the ship, raise the boat-hook for the third time, but you must be careful each time to lay it down again, else there will be such a

tempest, that you, as well as the others, will perish. On reaching the shore, you need take no further trouble about the boat than to turn it upside down, shove it into the sea, and say: 'Boat, go home again.'" When the prince was departing, he received from the wizard so much gold and silver, together with other treasures, and clothes and linen which the princess had made for him during his long stay in the island, that he was a great deal richer than any of his brothers. He had no sooner seated himself in the boat and said, "Boat, go forwards," than on it went, and when he came in sight of the ship, he raised the boat-hook, and a breeze sprang up, so that the crew forgot to look after him; and on nearing the vessel he did the same, when such a storm and gale arose, that the ship was covered with the white spray, and the waves broke over the deck, so that the crew had no leisure to remark him. At last when he had passed the ship, he raised the boat-hook the third time, and the crew found enough to do to make them quite forget him. He reached the land long before the ship, and, after taking his property out of the boat, he turned it over, shoved it into the sea, saying, "Boat, go home," and away it went.

He now disguised himself as a sailor, and went to the wretched hovel of an old woman, to whom he said he was a poor shipwrecked sailor, the only one of the crew who had escaped drowning; and he begged shelter in her hut for himself and the things he had saved from the wreck.

"Ah, heaven help me," replied the woman, "I can give no one shelter. I have not even a bed for myself, let alone any one else."

Oh! that did not signify, said the sailor, so that he had but a roof over his head, it was all one to him what he lay upon; therefore she would not surely refuse him the shelter of her roof, since he was content to take things as he found them.

In the evening, he brought his things to the cottage, and the old woman, who did not at all dislike to have something new to talk about, began inquiring who he was, where he had been, and whether he was going; what were the things he had brought with him; on what business he was travelling, and whether he had heard anything of the twelve

princesses who had disappeared so many years ago, with so many other questions, that it would be tiresome to repeat them.

But the sailor replied that he felt so ill, and had such a terrible headache from the fatigues he had undergone during the storm, that he could not accurately recollect anything that had passed; but that after he should have had a few days repose, and recovered from his labours, she should hear all.

The next day, however, the old woman renewed her questions, but the sailor pretended still to have such a terrible headache, that he could not rightly remember anything; though he did let a word or two drop, as by accident, which showed that he did know something about the princesses.

Off ran the old woman to tell this news to all the gossips in the neighbourhood, who hurried one after the other to the hut, to hear all about the princesses; and to ask whether the sailor had seen them, if they were soon coming, and a hundred other questions.

Still the sailor had such a terrible headache, that he could not answer their questions. Thus much, however, he did say: that if the princesses were not wrecked during that fierce storm, they would certainly arrive in fourteen days, or even sooner. He had certainly seen them alive, but they might have since perished.

One of the gossips went forthwith to the royal residence, and related all that she had heard; and when the king heard it, he desired that the sailor should be brought to him.

The sailor replied, "I have no clothes in which I can appear before the king."

But he was told that he must go, for the king must and would see him, whatever appearance he might make, for he was the first person who had ever brought any news of the princesses. So he entered the king's presence, when he was asked if he had really seen the princesses.

"Yes," said the sailor, "but I know not if they still live, for when I saw them, it was during such a fierce storm, that we were wrecked. But if they did not then go to the bottom, they may be here in about fourteen days, or perhaps sooner."

When the king heard this, he was almost frantic with joy, and at the appointed time for the arrival of the princesses, he went down to the shore in state to meet them; and great was the rejoicing through the land, when at last the ship sailed into port, with the princes, and princesses, and Commander Rod. The eleven elder princesses were in high spirits and good humour; but the youngest, whom Commander Rod was anxious to marry, was very sad and wept incessantly, for which the king chid her, and asked her why she was not happy and cheerful, like her sisters. She had no cause, thought he, to be sad, now she was delivered from the wizard, and had such a fine man as Commander Rod for her lover. The Princess however durst not tell the truth, for Commander Rod had told the king that it was himself who had liberated the princesses, and had threatened to kill any one who should say otherwise.

Now, one day while the princesses were making their wedding clothes, a man in a coarse sailor's jacket, with a pedlar's pack on his back, came and asked them if they would not like to buy some fine things for their wedding, for he had some costly articles of gold and silver. "Yes," said they, "very possibly they might," and they looked very attentively at the ornaments, and still more so at him, for they could not help fancying that they had seen both him and the goods before. At last the youngest princess said, that he who had such costly articles, might perhaps have others still more suitable to them. "Very possibly," returned the pedlar.

But her sisters bade her be quiet, and remember Commander Rod's threat.

Shortly after, when the princesses were sitting at the window, the king's son came again in his coarse sailor jacket, carrying the chest with the golden crowns.

On entering the hall, he opened the chest, and now when the princesses recognised each her own golden crown, the youngest princess said:--"To me it seems only fair and just, that he who suffers for us, should receive the reward to which he is entitled; our deliverer is not Commander Rod, but he who has now brought us our golden crowns, is also he who destroyed the wizard."

Then the king's son threw off his jacket, and stood there far more splendidly attired than any of the rest.

The king now caused Commander Rod to be put to death for his perfidy, and gave his daughter in marriage to the young prince.

The rejoicings in the royal residence were very great, and each prince took his princess away to a different realm, so that the tale was told and talked about in no less than twelve distinct kingdoms.

**BRAZIL**

Why the Lamb Is Meek

by Elsie Spicer Eells

From Fairy Tales from Brazil

Project Gutenberg E-Book #24714

Once upon a time there was a little lamb frisking gaily about the pasture. The bright sunshine and the soft breezes made him very happy. He had just finished a hearty meal and that made him happy too. He was the very happiest little lamb in all the world and he thought that he was the most wonderful little lamb.

A big toad sat on the ground and watched him. After a while the toad said: "O, little lamb, how are you feeling today?"

The lamb replied that he had never felt better in all his life.

"Even though you are feeling very strong I can pull you into the sea," said the toad.

The little lamb laughed and laughed until he rolled over on the ground.

"Just take hold of this rope and I'll show you how easy it is to pull you into the sea," said the toad.

The lamb took hold of the rope. Then the toad said, "Please wait a minute while I get a good long distance away from you. I can pull better when I'm not too near you."

The lamb waited and the toad hopped down to the sea. He hopped up into a tree which hung over the water's edge and from there he hopped on to the whale's back. He fastened the end of the rope around the whale and then he called out to the lamb: "All ready. Now we'll see how hard you can pull."

When the whale felt the lamb pulling at the rope he swam away from the shore. No matter how hard the lamb pulled or how much force he exerted

it did not do one bit of good. He was dragged down to the water's edge as easily as could be.

"I give up," said the lamb as he reached the water's edge.

After that, although the sunshine was just as bright as ever, any one who watched that little lamb could see that he was a little more meek. One day not long afterwards the sunshine was again very bright and the little lamb was again feeling frisky. He was so happy and gay that he had forgotten all about how the toad had pulled him down to the water until the toad spoke to him. Then he remembered.

"O, little lamb, how are you feeling today?" asked the toad. The little lamb replied that he was very well.

"Let us run a race," said the toad, "I think I can beat you."

"You may be strong enough to pull me into the sea," said the lamb, "but surely I can run faster than you. I've watched you hopping about my pasture. You can't run fast at all. However, I'll gladly run a race with you to prove what I say."

The toad set a goal and told the lamb to call out every little while during the race so he could see how much farther ahead the lamb was. Then the toad and the lamb started.

The toad had assembled all his brothers and his sisters and his cousins and his uncles and his aunts before the race and had stationed them at various points along the path of the race. He had told them that whenever any of them should hear the lamb calling out, "Laculay, laculay, laculay," the toad which was nearest should answer, "Gulugubango, bango lay."

The lamb ran and ran as fast as he could. Then he remembered his promise and called out, "Laculay, laculay, laculay." He expected to hear the toad answer from a long, long distance behind him. He was much surprised to hear some one near him answer, "Gulugubango, bango lay." After that he ran faster than ever.

After running on for some distance farther the lamb again called out, "Laculay, laculay, laculay." Again he heard the answer at only a short distance away, "Gulugubango, bango lay." He ran and ran until his little heart was beating so fast that it seemed as if it would burst.

At last he arrived at the goal of the race which the toad had set and there sat the toad's brother who looked so much like him that the lamb couldn't tell them apart. The lamb went back to his pasture very meekly and quietly. He acknowledged that he had been beaten in the race.

The next morning the toad said to him, "Even though you did not run fast enough to win the race, still you are a very fast runner. I have told the daughter of the king about you and I have said to her that some day she shall see me riding on your back with a bridle in your mouth as if you were my horse."

The lamb was very angry. "Perhaps you are strong enough to pull me into the sea, and perhaps you can beat me when we run a race," said the lamb, "but never, never in the world will I be your horse."

Time passed and the sunshine was very bright and the soft, gentle breezes were very sweet. The lamb was so happy again that he forgot all about how the toad had pulled him into the sea, and how the toad had beaten him at running the race. He was very sorry for the toad when he saw him all humped up in a disconsolate little heap one day. "O, poor toad, are you sick?" he asked. "Isn't there something I can do to help you?"

The toad told him how very sick he was. "There is something you could do to help me," he said, "but I don't believe that you are quite strong enough or can travel quite fast enough."

The lamb took a deep breath and blew out his chest. "I'll show you," he said. "Just tell me what it is."

The toad replied that he had promised to be at a party that afternoon at the house of the king's daughter and he did not see how he could

possibly get there unless some one would carry him.

"Jump on my back," said the lamb. "I'll carry you."

The toad shook about on the lamb's back after they had started so that it seemed as if he would surely fall off. After a little he said, "I can not possibly stand riding like this. It jars all my sore spots. I'll have to get off." He tried it a little while longer and shook about worse than ever. Then he said, "Do you know, I think I could endure this painful ride a little better if only I had something to hold myself by? Do you mind if I take a piece of grass and put it in your mouth? I can hold on to that when I shake about and my sore spots will not hurt so much."

The lamb let the toad put a piece of grass in his mouth.

After a while the toad asked for a little stick. "The flies and mosquitoes annoy me terribly," he said. "If only I had a little stick I could wave it about over my head and frighten them away. It is very bad for any one in my weak, nervous condition to be bothered by flies and mosquitoes." The lamb let the toad have a little stick to wave over his head.

At last the lamb and the toad drew near to the palace of the king. The king's daughter was leaning out of the window watching for them. The toad dug his feet into the lamb's sides, pulled hard on the piece of the grass in the lamb's mouth and waved the little stick about over the lamb's head. "Go on, horse," he said and the king's daughter heard him. She laughed and laughed, and when all the rest of the people in the palace saw the toad arriving mounted on the lamb's back and driving him like a horse they laughed too. The lamb went meekly home to his pasture and from that day to this when one wishes to speak of meekness one says "as meek as a lamb."

**JAPAN**

The Bamboo-Cutter and The Moon-Child

by Yei Theodora Ozaki

from Japanese Fairy Tales

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Long, long ago, there lived an old bamboo wood-cutter. He was very poor and sad also, for no child had Heaven sent to cheer his old age, and in his heart there was no hope of rest from work till he died and was laid in the quiet grave. Every morning he went forth into the woods and hills wherever the bamboo reared its lithe green plumes against the sky. When he had made his choice, he would cut down these feathers of the forest, and splitting them lengthwise, or cutting them into joints, would carry the bamboo wood home and make it into various articles for the household, and he and his old wife gained a small livelihood by selling them.

One morning as usual he had gone out to his work, and having found a nice clump of bamboos, had set to work to cut some of them down. Suddenly the green grove of bamboos was flooded with a bright soft light, as if the full moon had risen over the spot. Looking round in astonishment, he saw that the brilliance was streaming from one bamboo. The old man, full of wonder, dropped his ax and went towards the light. On nearer approach he saw that this soft splendor came from a hollow in the green bamboo stem, and still more wonderful to behold, in the midst of the brilliance stood a tiny human being, only three inches in height, and exquisitely beautiful in appearance.

"You must be sent to be my child, for I find you here among the bamboos where lies my daily work," said the old man, and taking the little creature in his hand he took it home to his wife to bring up. The tiny girl was so exceedingly beautiful and so small, that the old woman put her into a basket to safeguard her from the least possibility of being hurt in any way.

The old couple were now very happy, for it had been a lifelong

regret that they had no children of their own, and with joy they now expended all the love of their old age on the little child who had come to them in so marvelous a manner.

From this time on, the old man often found gold in the notches of the bamboos when he hewed them down and cut them up; not only gold, but precious stones also, so that by degrees he became rich. He built himself a fine house, and was no longer known as the poor bamboo woodcutter, but as a wealthy man.

Three months passed quickly away, and in that time the bamboo child had, wonderful to say, become a full-grown girl, so her fosterparents did up her hair and dressed her in beautiful kimonos. She was of such wondrous beauty that they placed her behind the screens like a princess, and allowed no one to see her, waiting upon her themselves. It seemed as if she were made of light, for the house was filled with a soft shining, so that even in the dark of night it was like daytime. Her presence seemed to have a benign influence on those there. Whenever the old man felt sad, he had only to look upon his foster-daughter and his sorrow vanished, and he became as happy as when he was a youth.

At last the day came for the naming of their new-found child, so the old couple called in a celebrated name-giver, and he gave her the name of Princess Moonlight, because her body gave forth so much soft bright light that she might have been a daughter of the Moon God. For three days the festival was kept up with song and dance and music. All the friends and relations of the old couple were present, and great was their enjoyment of the festivities held to celebrate the naming of Princess Moonlight. Everyone who saw her declared that there never had been seen any one so lovely; all the beauties throughout the length and breadth of the land would grow pale beside her, so they said. The fame of the Princess's loveliness spread far and wide, and many were the suitors who desired to win her hand, or even so much as to see her.

Suitors from far and near posted themselves outside the house, and

made little holes in the fence, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the Princess as she went from one room to the other along the veranda. They stayed there day and night, sacrificing even their sleep for a chance of seeing her, but all in vain. Then they approached the house, and tried to speak to the old man and his wife or some of the servants, but not even this was granted them. Still, in spite of all this disappointment they stayed on day after day, and night after night, and counted it as nothing, so great was their desire to see the Princess.

At last, however, most of the men, seeing how hopeless their quest was, lost heart and hope both, and returned to their homes. All except five Knights, whose ardor and determination, instead of waning, seemed to wax greater with obstacles. These five men even went without their meals, and took snatches of whatever they could get brought to them, so that they might always stand outside the dwelling. They stood there in all weathers, in sunshine and in rain. Sometimes they wrote letters to the Princess, but no answer was vouchsafed to them. Then when letters failed to draw any reply, they wrote poems to her telling her of the hopeless love which kept them from sleep, from food, from rest, and even from their homes. Still Princes Moonlight gave no sign of having received their verses. In this hopeless state the winter passed. The snow and frost and the cold winds gradually gave place to the gentle warmth of spring. Then the summer came, and the sun burned white and scorching in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, and still these faithful Knights kept watch and waited. At the end of these long months they called out to the old bamboo-cutter and entreated him to have some mercy upon them and to show them the Princess, but he answered only that as he was not her real father he could not insist on her obeying him against her wishes.

The five Knights on receiving this stern answer returned to their several homes, and pondered over the best means of touching the proud Princess's heart, even so much as to grant them a hearing. They took their rosaries in hand and knelt before their household shrines, and burned precious incense, praying to Buddha to give them

their heart's desire. Thus several days passed, but even so they could not rest in their homes.

So again they set out for the bamboo-cutter's house. This time the old man came out to see them, and they asked him to let them know if it was the Princess's resolution never to see any man whatsoever, and they implored him to speak for them and to tell her the greatness of their love, and how long they had waited through the cold of winter and the heat of summer, sleepless and roofless through all weathers, without food and without rest, in the ardent hope of winning her, and they were willing to consider this long vigil as pleasure if she would but give them one chance of pleading their cause with her.

The old man lent a willing ear to their tale of love, for in his inmost heart he felt sorry for these faithful suitors and would have liked to see his lovely foster-daughter married to one of them. So he went in to Princess Moonlight and said reverently: "Although you have always seemed to me to be a heavenly being, yet I have had the trouble of bringing you up as my own child and you have been glad of the protection of my roof. Will you refuse to do as I wish?"

Then Princess Moonlight replied that there was nothing she would not do for him, that she honored and loved him as her own father, and that as for herself she could not remember the time before she came to earth.

The old man listened with great joy as she spoke these dutiful words. Then he told her how anxious he was to see her safely and happily married before he died.

"I am an old man, over seventy years of age, and my end may come any time now. It is necessary and right that you should see these five suitors and choose one of them."

"Oh, why," said the Princess in distress, "must I do this? I have no

wish to marry now."

"I found you," answered the old man, "many years ago, when you were a little creature three inches high, in the midst of a great white light. The light streamed from the bamboo in which you were hid and led me to you. So I have always thought that you were more than mortal woman. While I am alive it is right for you to remain as you are if you wish to do so, but some day I shall cease to be and who will take care of you then? Therefore I pray you to meet these five brave men one at a time and make up your mind to marry one of them!" Then the Princess answered that she felt sure that she was not as beautiful as perhaps report made her out to be, and that even if she consented to marry any one of them, not really knowing her before, his heart might change afterwards. So as she did not feel sure of them, even though her father told her they were worthy Knights, she did not feel it wise to see them.

"All you say is very reasonable," said the old man, "but what kind of men will you consent to see? I do not call these five men who have waited on you for months, light-hearted. They have stood outside this house through the winter and the summer, often denying themselves food and sleep so that they may win you. What more can you demand?"

Then Princess Moonlight said she must make further trial of their love before she would grant their request to interview her. The five warriors were to prove their love by each bringing her from distant countries something that she desired to possess.

That same evening the suitors arrived and began to play their flutes in turn, and to sing their self-composed songs telling of their great and tireless love. The bamboo-cutter went out to them and offered them his sympathy for all they had endured and all the patience they had shown in their desire to win his foster-daughter. Then he gave them her message, that she would consent to marry whosoever was successful in bringing her what she wanted. This was to test them.

The five all accepted the trial, and thought it an excellent plan, for it would prevent jealousy between them.

Princess Moonlight then sent word to the First Knight that she requested him to bring her the stone bowl which had belonged to Buddha in India.

The Second Knight was asked to go to the Mountain of Horai, said to be situated in the Eastern Sea, and to bring her a branch of the wonderful tree that grew on its summit. The roots of this tree were of silver, the trunk of gold, and the branches bore as fruit white jewels.

The Third Knight was told to go to China and search for the fire-rat and to bring her its skin.

The Fourth Knight was told to search for the dragon that carried on its head the stone radiating five colors and to bring the stone to her.

The Fifth Knight was to find the swallow which carried a shell in its stomach and to bring the shell to her.

The old man thought these very hard tasks and hesitated to carry the messages, but the Princess would make no other conditions. So her commands were issued word for word to the five men who, when they heard what was required of them, were all disheartened and disgusted at what seemed to them the impossibility of the tasks given them and returned to their own homes in despair.

But after a time, when they thought of the Princess, the love in their hearts revived for her, and they resolved to make an attempt to get what she desired of them.

The First Knight sent word to the Princess that he was starting out that day on the quest of Buddha's bowl, and he hoped soon to bring it to her. But he had not the courage to go all the way to India,

for in those days traveling was very difficult and full of danger, so he went to one of the temples in Kyoto and took a stone bowl from the altar there, paying the priest a large sum of money for it. He then wrapped it in a cloth of gold and, waiting quietly for three years, returned and carried it to the old man.

Princess Moonlight wondered that the Knight should have returned so soon. She took the bowl from its gold wrapping, expecting it to make the room full of light, but it did not shine at all, so she knew that it was a sham thing and not the true bowl of Buddha. She returned it at once and refused to see him. The Knight threw the bowl away and returned to his home in despair. He gave up now all hopes of ever winning the Princess.

The Second Knight told his parents that he needed change of air for his health, for he was ashamed to tell them that love for the Princess Moonlight was the real cause of his leaving them. He then left his home, at the same time sending word to the Princess that he was setting out for Mount Horai in the hope of getting her a branch of the gold and silver tree which she so much wished to have. He only allowed his servants to accompany him half-way, and then sent them back. He reached the seashore and embarked on a small ship, and after sailing away for three days he landed and employed several carpenters to build him a house contrived in such a way that no one could get access to it. He then shut himself up with six skilled jewelers, and endeavored to make such a gold and silver branch as he thought would satisfy the Princess as having come from the wonderful tree growing on Mount Horai. Every one whom he had asked declared that Mount Horai belonged to the land of fable and not to fact. When the branch was finished, he took his journey home and tried to make himself look as if he were wearied and worn out with travel. He put the jeweled branch into a lacquer box and carried it to the bamboo-cutter, begging him to present it to the Princess.

The old man was quite deceived by the travel-stained appearance of the Knight, and thought that he had only just returned from his long journey with the branch. So he tried to persuade the Princess to

consent to see the man. But she remained silent and looked very sad. The old man began to take out the branch and praised it as a wonderful treasure to be found nowhere in the whole land. Then he spoke of the Knight, how handsome and how brave he was to have undertaken a journey to so remote a place as the Mount of Horai. Princess Moonlight took the branch in her hand and looked at it carefully. She then told her foster-parent that she knew it was impossible for the man to have obtained a branch from the gold and silver tree growing on Mount Horai so quickly or so easily, and she was sorry to say she believed it artificial.

The old man then went out to the expectant Knight, who had now approached the house, and asked where he had found the branch. Then the man did not scruple to make up a long story.

"Two years ago I took a ship and started in search of Mount Horai. After going before the wind for some time I reached the far Eastern Sea. Then a great storm arose and I was tossed about for many days, losing all count of the points of the compass, and finally we were blown ashore on an unknown island. Here I found the place inhabited by demons who at one time threatened to kill and eat me. However, I managed to make friends with these horrible creatures, and they helped me and my sailors to repair the boat, and I set sail again. Our food gave out, and we suffered much from sickness on board. At last, on the five-hundredth day from the day of starting, I saw far off on the horizon what looked like the peak of a mountain. On nearer approach, this proved to be an island, in the center of which rose a high mountain. I landed, and after wandering about for two or three days, I saw a shining being coming towards me on the beach, holding in his hands a golden bowl. I went up to him and asked him if I had, by good chance, found the island of Mount Horai, and he answered:"

"Yes, this is Mount Horai!"

"With much difficulty I climbed to the summit, here stood the golden tree growing with silver roots in the ground. The wonders of that

strange land are many, and if I began to tell you about them I could never stop. In spite of my wish to stay there long, on breaking off the branch I hurried back. With utmost speed it has taken me four hundred days to get back, and, as you see, my clothes are still damp from exposure on the long sea voyage. I have not even waited to change my raiment, so anxious was I to bring the branch to the Princess quickly."

Just at this moment the six jewelers, who had been employed on the making of the branch, but not yet paid by the Knight, arrived at the house and sent in a petition to the Princess to be paid for their labor. They said that they had worked for over a thousand days making the branch of gold, with its silver twigs and its jeweled fruit, that was now presented to her by the Knight, but as yet they had received nothing in payment. So this Knight's deception was thus found out, and the Princess, glad of an escape from one more importunate suitor, was only too pleased to send back the branch. She called in the workmen and had them paid liberally, and they went away happy. But on the way home they were overtaken by the disappointed man, who beat them till they were nearly dead, for letting out the secret, and they barely escaped with their lives. The Knight then returned home, raging in his heart; and in despair of ever winning the Princess gave up society and retired to a solitary life among the mountains.

Now the Third Knight had a friend in China, so he wrote to him to get the skin of the fire-rat. The virtue of any part of this animal was that no fire could harm it. He promised his friend any amount of money he liked to ask if only he could get him the desired article. As soon as the news came that the ship on which his friend had sailed home had come into port, he rode seven days on horseback to meet him. He handed his friend a large sum of money, and received the fire-rat's skin. When he reached home he put it carefully in a box and sent it in to the Princess while he waited outside for her answer.

The bamboo-cutter took the box from the Knight and, as usual,

carried it in to her and tried to coax her to see the Knight at once, but Princess Moonlight refused, saying that she must first put the skin to test by putting it into the fire. If it were the real thing it would not burn. So she took off the crape wrapper and opened the box, and then threw the skin into the fire. The skin crackled and burnt up at once, and the Princess knew that this man also had not fulfilled his word. So the Third Knight failed also. Now the Fourth Knight was no more enterprising than the rest. Instead of starting out on the quest of the dragon bearing on its head the five-color-radiating jewel, he called all his servants together and gave them the order to seek for it far and wide in Japan and in China, and he strictly forbade any of them to return till they had found it.

His numerous retainers and servants started out in different directions, with no intention, however, of obeying what they considered an impossible order. They simply took a holiday, went to pleasant country places together, and grumbled at their master's unreasonableness.

The Knight meanwhile, thinking that his retainers could not fail to find the jewel, repaired to his house, and fitted it up beautifully for the reception of the Princess, he felt so sure of winning her. One year passed away in weary waiting, and still his men did not return with the dragon-jewel. The Knight became desperate. He could wait no longer, so taking with him only two men he hired a ship and commanded the captain to go in search of the dragon; the captain and the sailors refused to undertake what they said was an absurd search, but the Knight compelled them at last to put out to sea. When they had been but a few days out they encountered a great storm which lasted so long that, by the time its fury abated, the Knight had determined to give up the hunt of the dragon. They were at last blown on shore, for navigation was primitive in those days. Worn out with his travels and anxiety, the fourth suitor gave himself up to rest. He had caught a very heavy cold, and had to go to bed with a swollen face.

The governor of the place, hearing of his plight, sent messengers with a letter inviting him to his house. While he was there thinking over all his troubles, his love for the Princess turned to anger, and he blamed her for all the hardships he had undergone. He thought that it was quite probable she had wished to kill him so that she might be rid of him, and in order to carry out her wish had sent him upon his impossible quest.

At this point all the servants he had sent out to find the jewel came to see him, and were surprised to find praise instead of displeasure awaiting them. Their master told them that he was heartily sick of adventure, and said that he never intended to go near the Princess's house again in the future.

Like all the rest, the Fifth Knight failed in his quest--he could not find the swallow's shell.

By this time the fame of Princess Moonlight's beauty had reached the ears of the Emperor, and he sent one of the Court ladies to see if she were really as lovely as report said; if so he would summon her to the Palace and make her one of the ladies-in-waiting.

When the Court lady arrived, in spite of her father's entreaties, Princess Moonlight refused to see her. The Imperial messenger insisted, saying it was the Emperor's order. Then Princess Moonlight told the old man that if she was forced to go to the Palace in obedience to the Emperor's order, she would vanish from the earth. When the Emperor was told of her persistence in refusing to obey his summons, and that if pressed to obey she would disappear altogether from sight, he determined to go and see her. So he planned to go on a hunting excursion in the neighborhood of the bamboo-cutter's house, and see the Princess himself. He sent word to the old man of his intention, and he received consent to the scheme. The next day the Emperor set out with his retinue, which he soon managed to outride. He found the bamboo-cutter's house and dismounted. He then entered the house and went straight to where the Princess was sitting with her attendant maidens.

Never had he seen any one so wonderfully beautiful, and he could not but look at her, for she was more lovely than any human being as she shone in her own soft radiance. When Princess Moonlight became aware that a stranger was looking at her she tried to escape from the room, but the Emperor caught her and begged her to listen to what he had to say. Her only answer was to hide her face in her sleeves. The Emperor fell deeply in love with her, and begged her to come to the Court, where he would give her a position of honor and everything she could wish for. He was about to send for one of the Imperial palanquins to take her back with him at once, saying that her grace and beauty should adorn a Court, and not be hidden in a bamboo-cutter's cottage.

But the Princess stopped him. She said that if she were forced to go to the Palace she would turn at once into a shadow, and even as she spoke she began to lose her form. Her figure faded from his sight while he looked.

The Emperor then promised to leave her free if only she would resume her former shape, which she did.

It was now time for him to return, for his retinue would be wondering what had happened to their Royal master when they missed him for so long. So he bade her good-by, and left the house with a sad heart. Princess Moonlight was for him the most beautiful woman in the world; all others were dark beside her, and he thought of her night and day. His Majesty now spent much of his time in writing poems, telling her of his love and devotion, and sent them to her, and though she refused to see him again she answered with many verses of her own composing, which told him gently and kindly that she could never marry any one on this earth. These little songs always gave him pleasure.

At this time her foster-parents noticed that night after night the Princess would sit on her balcony and gaze for hours at the moon, in a spirit of the deepest dejection, ending always in a burst of tears. One night the old man found her thus weeping as if her heart

were broken, and he besought her to tell him the reason of her sorrow.

With many tears she told him that he had guessed rightly when he supposed her not to belong to this world--that she had in truth come from the moon, and that her time on earth would soon be over. On the fifteenth day of that very month of August her friends from the moon would come to fetch her, and she would have to return. Her parents were both there, but having spent a lifetime on the earth she had forgotten them, and also the moon-world to which she belonged. It made her weep, she said, to think of leaving her kind fosterparents, and the home where she had been happy for so long.

When her attendants heard this they were very sad, and could not eat or drink for sadness at the thought that the Princess was so soon to leave them.

The Emperor, as soon as the news was carried to him, sent messengers to the house to find out if the report were true or not.

The old bamboo-cutter went out to meet the Imperial messengers. The last few days of sorrow had told upon the old man; he had aged greatly, and looked much more than his seventy years. Weeping bitterly, he told them that the report was only too true, but he intended, however, to make prisoners of the envoys from the moon, and to do all he could to prevent the Princess from being carried back.

The men returned and told His Majesty all that had passed. On the fifteenth day of that month the Emperor sent a guard of two thousand warriors to watch the house. One thousand stationed themselves on the roof, another thousand kept watch round all the entrances of the house. All were well trained archers, with bows and arrows. The bamboo-cutter and his wife hid Princess Moonlight in an inner room. The old man gave orders that no one was to sleep that night, all in the house were to keep a strict watch, and be ready to protect the Princess. With these precautions, and the help of the Emperor's menat-

arms, he hoped to withstand the moon-messengers, but the Princess told him that all these measures to keep her would be useless, and that when her people came for her nothing whatever could prevent them from carrying out their purpose. Even the Emperors men would be powerless. Then she added with tears that she was very, very sorry to leave him and his wife, whom she had learned to love as her parents, that if she could do as she liked she would stay with them in their old age, and try to make some return for all the love and kindness they had showered upon her during all her earthly life.

The night wore on! The yellow harvest moon rose high in the heavens, flooding the world asleep with her golden light. Silence reigned over the pine and the bamboo forests, and on the roof where the thousand men-at-arms waited.

Then the night grew gray towards the dawn and all hoped that the danger was over--that Princess Moonlight would not have to leave them after all. Then suddenly the watchers saw a cloud form round the moon--and while they looked this cloud began to roll earthwards. Nearer and nearer it came, and every one saw with dismay that its course lay towards the house.

In a short time the sky was entirely obscured, till at last the cloud lay over the dwelling only ten feet off the ground. In the midst of the cloud there stood a flying chariot, and in the chariot a band of luminous beings. One amongst them who looked like a king and appeared to be the chief stepped out of the chariot, and, poised in air, called to the old man to come out.

"The time has come," he said, "for Princess Moonlight to return to the moon from whence she came. She committed a grave fault, and as a punishment was sent to live down here for a time. We know what good care you have taken of the Princess, and we have rewarded you for this and have sent you wealth and prosperity. We put the gold in the bamboos for you to find."

"I have brought up this Princess for twenty years and never once has she done a wrong thing, therefore the lady you are seeking cannot be

this one," said the old man. "I pray you to look elsewhere."

Then the messenger called aloud, saying:

"Princess Moonlight, come out from this lowly dwelling. Rest not here another moment,"

At these words the screens of the Princess's room slid open of their own accord, revealing the Princess shining in her own radiance, bright and wonderful and full of beauty.

The messenger led her forth and placed her in the chariot. She looked back, and saw with pity the deep sorrow of the old man. She spoke to him many comforting words, and told him that it was not her will to leave him and that he must always think of her when looking at the moon.

The bamboo-cutter implored to be allowed to accompany her, but this was not allowed. The Princess took off her embroidered outer garment and gave it to him as a keepsake.

One of the moon beings in the chariot held a wonderful coat of wings, another had a phial full of the Elixir of Life which was given the Princess to drink. She swallowed a little and was about to give the rest to the old man, but she was prevented from doing so. The robe of wings was about to be put upon her shoulders, but she said:

"Wait a little. I must not forget my good friend the Emperor. I must write him once more to say good-by while still in this human form." In spite of the impatience of the messengers and charioteers she kept them waiting while she wrote. She placed the phial of the Elixir of Life with the letter, and, giving them to the old man, she asked him to deliver them to the Emperor.

Then the chariot began to roll heavenwards towards the moon, and as they all gazed with tearful eyes at the receding Princess, the dawn broke, and in the rosy light of day the moon-chariot and all in it

were lost amongst the fleecy clouds that were now wafted across the sky on the wings of the morning wind.

Princess Moonlight's letter was carried to the Palace. His Majesty was afraid to touch the Elixir of Life, so he sent it with the letter to the top of the most sacred mountain in the land. Mount Fuji, and there the Royal emissaries burnt it on the summit at sunrise. So to this day people say there is smoke to be seen rising from the top of Mount Fuji to the clouds.

**HAWAII****How Hilo Was Named**

By Charlotte Hapai

from Legends of Wailuku

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King Kamehameha the Great was a very famous warrior. His chief ambition, which he lived to realize, was to become sole ruler of all the Hawaiian Islands. Naturally he had numerous enemies, and he never remained long in one place for fear some of them might learn of his whereabouts and attack him.

One time, when he was encamped near the mouth of the Wailuku, he planned a quiet visit to what is now known as Reed's Island, where lived a particular friend of his. As this friend was a powerful chief, Kamehameha felt safe in going to him without his usual warrior bodyguard.

Before leaving camp he called his servants to him and told them to stand watch over his canoe, that it might not be stolen or carried away by the tide. This they promised faithfully to do.

As time passed and the king did not return or send word to his servants they grew uneasy about him. Perhaps he might have been ambushed, they reasoned; or more likely fallen into one of the caverns formed by ancient lava flows and which are often treacherously concealed by a thin, brittle crust that a man of Kamehameha's bulk might easily break through. Much as they feared for the king's safety, the servants dared not leave the canoe unguarded. They were in a quandary indeed.

"I know what we can do!" cried one of the men. "We can make a rope of ti leaves and tie the canoe so it cannot drift away."

"Make a rope," queried another, "how can we do that?"

"Simple enough," answered the first speaker. "I'll show you. Take the

ti leaves and fasten them together. First you make two chains of leaves--like this--and then twist each one. When you place them together they will naturally twine about each other and you have a very strong rope. Such twisting is called hilo."

"I've never seen it done," admitted his fellow sentry, "but it looks very simple."

"And so it is," went on the resourceful one, as he rapidly twisted the ti leaves into serviceable ropes. "Now," he concluded, "these are plenty long enough. Let us make the canoe fast to the beach." And taking their ropes to the canoe they tied it securely to that point of land--known to the old Hawaiians as Kaipaaloa--near the mouth of the river where the lighthouse stands today. Then they set out in search of the king.

Only a short way up the river they met Kamehameha returning unharmed. Ignoring the spirit of their intent in absenting themselves from their post of duty, the king demanded:

"But where is my canoe? What have you done with my canoe? You promised to guard it. By now it may have drifted out to sea or been stolen!"

"We tied it with ti ropes," answered the servant who had woven them. "Ti ropes!" roared his majesty. "Why, no one here knows how to make ropes like that. The only place they do know is at Waipio. How did you learn?"

"I came to you from there," the man answered.

"Oh, and that is where you learned. Well and good. Hereafter this place shall be called Hilo."

And so it has been. The town at the mouth of the Wailuku has since that day been known by the Hawaiian word meaning "to twist."

**FRANCE****The White Cat***(La Chatte blanche.)*

by Madame la Comtesse d'Aulnoy.

From *The Blue Fairy Book*

Edited by Andrew Lang

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Once upon a time there was a king who had three sons, who were all so clever and brave that he began to be afraid that they would want to reign over the kingdom before he was dead. Now the King, though he felt that he was growing old, did not at all wish to give up the government of his kingdom while he could still manage it very well, so he thought the best way to live in peace would be to divert the minds of his sons by promises which he could always get out of when the time came for keeping them.

So he sent for them all, and, after speaking to them kindly, he added: "You will quite agree with me, my dear children, that my great age makes it impossible for me to look after my affairs of state as carefully as I once did. I begin to fear that this may affect the welfare of my subjects, therefore I wish that one of you should succeed to my crown; but in return for such a gift as this it is only right that you should do something for me. Now, as I think of retiring into the country, it seems to me that a pretty, lively, faithful little dog would be very good company for me; so, without any regard for your ages, I promise that the one who brings me the most beautiful little dog shall succeed me at once."

The three Princes were greatly surprised by their father's sudden fancy for a little dog, but as it gave the two younger ones a chance they would not otherwise have had of being king, and as the eldest was too polite to make any objection, they accepted the commission with pleasure. They bade farewell to the King, who gave them presents of silver and precious stones, and appointed to meet them at the same hour, in the same place, after a year had passed, to see the little dogs they had brought for him.

Then they went together to a castle which was about a league from the city, accompanied by all their particular friends, to whom they gave a grand banquet, and the three brothers promised to be friends always, to share whatever good fortune befell them, and not to be parted by any envy or jealousy; and so they set out, agreeing to meet at the same castle at the appointed time, to present themselves before the King together. Each one took a different road, and the two eldest met with many adventures; but it is about the youngest that you are going to hear. He was young, and gay, and handsome, and knew everything that a prince ought to know; and as for his courage, there was simply no end to it.

Hardly a day passed without his buying several dogs--big and little, greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, and lapdogs. As soon as he had bought a pretty one he was sure to see a still prettier, and then he had to get rid of all the others and buy that one, as, being alone, he found it impossible to take thirty or forty thousand dogs about with him. He journeyed from day to day, not knowing where he was going, until at last, just at nightfall, he reached a great, gloomy forest. He did not know his way, and, to make matters worse, it began to thunder, and the rain poured down. He took the first path he could find, and after walking for a long time he fancied he saw a faint light, and began to hope that he was coming to some cottage where he might find shelter for the night. At length, guided by the light, he reached the door of the most splendid castle he could have imagined. This door was of gold covered with carbuncles, and it was the pure red light which shone from them that had shown him the way through the forest. The walls were of the finest porcelain in all the most delicate colors, and the Prince saw that all the stories he had ever read were pictured upon them; but as he was terribly wet, and the rain still fell in torrents, he could not stay to look about any more, but came back to the golden door. There he saw a deer's foot hanging by a chain of diamonds, and he began to wonder who could live in this magnificent castle.

"They must feel very secure against robbers," he said to himself. "What is to hinder anyone from cutting off that chain and digging out those carbuncles, and making himself rich for life?"

He pulled the deer's foot, and immediately a silver bell sounded and the door flew open, but the Prince could see nothing but numbers of hands in the air, each holding a torch. He was so much surprised that he stood quite still, until he felt himself pushed forward by other hands, so that, though he was somewhat uneasy, he could not help going on. With his hand on his sword, to be prepared for whatever might happen, he entered a hall paved with lapis-lazuli, while two lovely voices sang:

"The hands you see floating above  
Will swiftly your bidding obey;  
If your heart dreads not conquering Love,  
In this place you may fearlessly stay."

The Prince could not believe that any danger threatened him when he was welcomed in this way, so, guided by the mysterious hands, he went toward a door of coral, which opened of its own accord, and he found himself in a vast hall of mother-of-pearl, out of which opened a number of other rooms, glittering with thousands of lights, and full of such beautiful pictures and precious things that the Prince felt quite bewildered.

After passing through sixty rooms the hands that conducted him stopped, and the Prince saw a most comfortable-looking arm-chair drawn up close to the chimney-corner; at the same moment the fire lighted itself, and the pretty, soft, clever hands took off the Prince's wet, muddy clothes, and presented him with fresh ones made of the richest stuffs, all embroidered with gold and emeralds. He could not help admiring everything he saw, and the deft way in which the hands waited on him, though they sometimes appeared so suddenly that they made him jump.

When he was quite ready--and I can assure you that he looked very different from the wet and weary Prince who had stood outside in the rain, and pulled the deer's foot--the hands led him to a splendid room, upon the walls of which were painted the histories of Puss in Boots and a number of other famous cats. The table was laid for supper with two golden plates, and golden spoons and forks, and the sideboard was covered with dishes and glasses of crystal set with precious stones. The Prince was wondering who the second place could be for, when suddenly in came about a dozen cats carrying guitars and rolls of music, who took their places at one end of the room, and under the direction of a cat who beat time with a roll of paper began to mew in every imaginable key,

and to draw their claws across the strings of the guitars, making the strangest kind of music that could be heard. The Prince hastily stopped up his ears, but even then the sight of these comical musicians sent him into fits of laughter.

"What funny thing shall I see next?" he said to himself, and instantly the door opened, and in came a tiny figure covered by a long black veil. It was conducted by two cats wearing black mantles and carrying swords, and a large party of cats followed, who brought in cages full of rats and mice.

The Prince was so much astonished that he thought he must be dreaming, but the little figure came up to him and threw back its veil, and he saw that it was the loveliest little white cat it is possible to imagine.

She looked very young and very sad, and in a sweet little voice that went straight to his heart she said to the Prince:

"King's son, you are welcome; the Queen of the Cats is glad to see you."  
"Lady Cat," replied the Prince, "I thank you for receiving me so kindly, but surely you are no ordinary pussy-cat? Indeed, the way you speak and the magnificence of your castle prove it plainly."

"King's son," said the White Cat, "I beg you to spare me these compliments, for I am not used to them. But now," she added, "let supper be served, and let the musicians be silent, as the Prince does not understand what they are saying."

So the mysterious hands began to bring in the supper, and first they put on the table two dishes, one containing stewed pigeons and the other a fricassee of fat mice. The sight of the latter made the Prince feel as if he could not enjoy his supper at all; but the White Cat, seeing this, assured him that the dishes intended for him were prepared in a separate kitchen, and he might be quite certain that they contained neither rats nor mice; and the Prince felt so sure that she would not deceive him that he had no more hesitation in beginning. Presently he noticed that on the little paw that was next him the White Cat wore a bracelet containing a portrait, and he begged to be allowed to look at it. To his

great surprise he found it represented an extremely handsome young man, who was so like himself that it might have been his own portrait! The White Cat sighed as he looked at it, and seemed sadder than ever, and the Prince dared not ask any questions for fear of displeasing her; so he began to talk about other things, and found that she was interested in all the subjects he cared for himself, and seemed to know quite well what was going on in the world. After supper they went into another room, which was fitted up as a theatre, and the cats acted and danced for their amusement, and then the White Cat said good-night to him, and the hands conducted him into a room he had not seen before, hung with tapestry worked with butterflies' wings of every color; there were mirrors that reached from the ceiling to the floor, and a little white bed with curtains of gauze tied up with ribbons. The Prince went to bed in silence, as he did not quite know how to begin a conversation with the hands that waited on him, and in the morning he was awakened by a noise and confusion outside of his window, and the hands came and quickly dressed him in hunting costume. When he looked out all the cats were assembled in the courtyard, some leading greyhounds, some blowing horns, for the White Cat was going out hunting. The hands led a wooden horse up to the Prince, and seemed to expect him to mount it, at which he was very indignant; but it was no use for him to object, for he speedily found himself upon its back, and it pranced gaily off with him. The White Cat herself was riding a monkey, which climbed even up to the eagles' nests when she had a fancy for the young eaglets. Never was there a pleasanter hunting party, and when they returned to the castle the Prince and the White Cat supped together as before, but when they had finished she offered him a crystal goblet, which must have contained a magic draught, for, as soon as he had swallowed its contents, he forgot everything, even the little dog that he was seeking for the King, and only thought how happy he was to be with the White Cat! And so the days passed, in every kind of amusement, until the year was nearly gone. The Prince had forgotten all about meeting his brothers: he did not even know what country he belonged to; but the White Cat knew when he ought to go back, and one day she said to him:

"Do you know that you have only three days left to look for the little dog for your father, and your brothers have found lovely ones?"

Then the Prince suddenly recovered his memory, and cried:  
"What can have made me forget such an important thing? My whole fortune depends upon it; and even if I could in such a short time find a dog pretty enough to gain me a kingdom, where should I find a horse who would carry me all that way in three days?" And he began to be very vexed. But the White Cat said to him: "King's son, do not trouble yourself; I am your friend, and will make everything easy for you. You can still stay here for a day, as the good wooden horse can take you to your country in twelve hours."

"I thank you, beautiful Cat," said the Prince; "but what good will it do me to get back if I have not a dog to take to my father?"

"See here," answered the White Cat, holding up an acorn; "there is a prettier one in this than in the Dogstar!"

"Oh! White Cat dear," said the Prince, "how unkind you are to laugh at me now!"

"Only listen," she said, holding the acorn to his ear.

And inside it he distinctly heard a tiny voice say: "Bow-wow!"

The Prince was delighted, for a dog that can be shut up in an acorn must be very small indeed. He wanted to take it out and look at it, but the White Cat said it would be better not to open the acorn till he was before the King, in case the tiny dog should be cold on the journey. He thanked her a thousand times, and said good-by quite sadly when the time came for him to set out.

"The days have passed so quickly with you," he said, "I only wish I could take you with me now."

But the White Cat shook her head and sighed deeply in answer.

After all the Prince was the first to arrive at the castle where he had agreed to meet his brothers, but they came soon after, and stared in

amazement when they saw the wooden horse in the courtyard jumping like a hunter.

The Prince met them joyfully, and they began to tell him all their adventures; but he managed to hide from them what he had been doing, and even led them to think that a turnspit dog which he had with him was the one he was bringing for the King. Fond as they all were of one another, the two eldest could not help being glad to think that their dogs certainly had a better chance. The next morning they started in the same chariot. The elder brothers carried in baskets two such tiny, fragile dogs that they hardly dared to touch them. As for the turnspit, he ran after the chariot, and got so covered with mud that one could hardly see what he was like at all. When they reached the palace everyone crowded round to welcome them as they went into the King's great hall; and when the two brothers presented their little dogs nobody could decide which was the prettier. They were already arranging between themselves to share the kingdom equally, when the youngest stepped forward, drawing from his pocket the acorn the White Cat had given him. He opened it quickly, and there upon a white cushion they saw a dog so small that it could easily have been put through a ring. The Prince laid it upon the ground, and it got up at once and began to dance. The King did not know what to say, for it was impossible that anything could be prettier than this little creature. Nevertheless, as he was in no hurry to part with his crown, he told his sons that, as they had been so successful the first time, he would ask them to go once again, and seek by land and sea for a piece of muslin so fine that it could be drawn through the eye of a needle. The brothers were not very willing to set out again, but the two eldest consented because it gave them another chance, and they started as before. The youngest again mounted the wooden horse, and rode back at full speed to his beloved White Cat. Every door of the castle stood wide open, and every window and turret was illuminated, so it looked more wonderful than before. The hands hastened to meet him, and led the wooden horse off to the stable, while he hurried in to find the White Cat. She was asleep in a little basket on a white satin cushion, but she very soon started up when she heard the Prince, and was overjoyed at seeing him once more.

"How could I hope that you would come back to me King's son?" she said.

And then he stroked and petted her, and told her of his successful journey, and how he had come back to ask her help, as he believed that it was impossible to find what the King demanded. The White Cat looked serious, and said she must think what was to be done, but that, luckily, there were some cats in the castle who could spin very well, and if anybody could manage it they could, and she would set them the task herself.

And then the hands appeared carrying torches, and conducted the Prince and the White Cat to a long gallery which overlooked the river, from the windows of which they saw a magnificent display of fireworks of all sorts; after which they had supper, which the Prince liked even better than the fireworks, for it was very late, and he was hungry after his long ride. And so the days passed quickly as before; it was impossible to feel dull with the White Cat, and she had quite a talent for inventing new amusements--indeed, she was cleverer than a cat has any right to be. But when the Prince asked her how it was that she was so wise, she only said:

"King's son, do not ask me; guess what you please. I may not tell you anything."

The Prince was so happy that he did not trouble himself at all about the time, but presently the White Cat told him that the year was gone, and that he need not be at all anxious about the piece of muslin, as they had made it very well.

"This time," she added, "I can give you a suitable escort"; and on looking out into the courtyard the Prince saw a superb chariot of burnished gold, enameled in flame color with a thousand different devices. It was drawn by twelve snow-white horses, harnessed four abreast; their trappings were flame-colored velvet, embroidered with diamonds. A hundred chariots followed, each drawn by eight horses, and filled with officers in splendid uniforms, and a thousand guards surrounded the procession. "Go!" said the White Cat, "and when you

appear before the King in such state he surely will not refuse you the crown which you deserve. Take this walnut, but do not open it until you are before him, then you will find in it the piece of stuff you asked me for."

"Lovely Blanchette," said the Prince, "how can I thank you properly for all your kindness to me? Only tell me that you wish it, and I will give up for ever all thought of being king, and will stay here with you always."

"King's son," she replied, "it shows the goodness of your heart that you should care so much for a little white cat, who is good for nothing but to catch mice; but you must not stay."

So the Prince kissed her little paw and set out. You can imagine how fast he traveled when I tell you that they reached the King's palace in just half the time it had taken the wooden horse to get there. This time the Prince was so late that he did not try to meet his brothers at their castle, so they thought he could not be coming, and were rather glad of it, and displayed their pieces of muslin to the King proudly, feeling sure of success. And indeed the stuff was very fine, and would go through the eye of a very large needle; but the King, who was only too glad to make a difficulty, sent for a particular needle, which was kept among the Crown jewels, and had such a small eye that everybody saw at once that it was impossible that the muslin should pass through it. The Princes were angry, and were beginning to complain that it was a trick, when suddenly the trumpets sounded and the youngest Prince came in. His father and brothers were quite astonished at his magnificence, and after he had greeted them he took the walnut from his pocket and opened it, fully expecting to find the piece of muslin, but instead there was only a hazel-nut. He cracked it, and there lay a cherry-stone. Everybody was looking on, and the King was chuckling to himself at the idea of finding the piece of muslin in a nutshell.

However, the Prince cracked the cherry-stone, but everyone laughed when he saw it contained only its own kernel. He opened that and found a grain of wheat, and in that was a millet seed. Then he himself began to

wonder, and muttered softly:

"White Cat, White Cat, are you making fun of me?"

In an instant he felt a cat's claw give his hand quite a sharp scratch, and hoping that it was meant as an encouragement he opened the millet seed, and drew out of it a piece of muslin four hundred ells long, woven with the loveliest colors and most wonderful patterns; and when the needle was brought it went through the eye six times with the greatest ease! The King turned pale, and the other Princes stood silent and sorrowful, for nobody could deny that this was the most marvelous piece of muslin that was to be found in the world.

Presently the King turned to his sons, and said, with a deep sigh: "Nothing could console me more in my old age than to realize your willingness to gratify my wishes. Go then once more, and whoever at the end of a year can bring back the loveliest princess shall be married to her, and shall, without further delay, receive the crown, for my successor must certainly be married." The Prince considered that he had earned the kingdom fairly twice over but still he was too well bred to argue about it, so he just went back to his gorgeous chariot, and, surrounded by his escort, returned to the White Cat faster than he had come. This time she was expecting him, the path was strewn with flowers, and a thousand braziers were burning scented woods which perfumed the air. Seated in a gallery from which she could see his arrival, the White Cat waited for him. "Well, King's son," she said, "here you are once more, without a crown." "Madam," said he, "thanks to your generosity I have earned one twice over; but the fact is that my father is so loth to part with it that it would be no pleasure to me to take it."

"Never mind," she answered, "it's just as well to try and deserve it. As you must take back a lovely princess with you next time I will be on the look-out for one for you. In the meantime let us enjoy ourselves; to-night I have ordered a battle between my cats and the river rats on purpose to amuse you." So this year slipped away even more pleasantly than the preceding ones. Sometimes the Prince could not help asking the White Cat how it was she could talk.

"Perhaps you are a fairy," he said. "Or has some enchanter changed you into a cat?"

But she only gave him answers that told him nothing. Days go by so quickly when one is very happy that it is certain the Prince would never have thought of its being time to go back, when one evening as they sat together the White Cat said to him that if he wanted to take a lovely princess home with him the next day he must be prepared to do what she told him.

"Take this sword," she said, "and cut off my head!"

"!!" cried the Prince, "I cut off your head! Blanchette darling, how could I do it?"

"I entreat you to do as I tell you, King's son," she replied.

The tears came into the Prince's eyes as he begged her to ask him anything but that--to set him any task she pleased as a proof of his devotion, but to spare him the grief of killing his dear Pussy. But nothing he could say altered her determination, and at last he drew his sword, and desperately, with a trembling hand, cut off the little white head. But imagine his astonishment and delight when suddenly a lovely princess stood before him, and, while he was still speechless with amazement, the door opened and a goodly company of knights and ladies entered, each carrying a cat's skin! They hastened with every sign of joy to the Princess, kissing her hand and congratulating her on being once more restored to her natural shape. She received them graciously, but after a few minutes begged that they would leave her alone with the Prince, to whom she said:

"You see, Prince, that you were right in supposing me to be no ordinary cat. My father reigned over six kingdoms. The Queen, my mother, whom he loved dearly, had a passion for traveling and exploring, and when I was only a few weeks old she obtained his permission to visit a certain mountain of which she had heard many marvelous tales, and set out, taking with her a number of her attendants. On the way they had to pass near an old castle belonging to the fairies. Nobody had ever been into it, but it was reported to be full of the most wonderful things, and my mother remembered to have heard that the fairies had in their garden such fruits as were to be seen and tasted nowhere else. She began to wish to try them for herself, and turned her steps in the direction of

the garden. On arriving at the door, which blazed with gold and jewels, she ordered her servants to knock loudly, but it was useless; it seemed as if all the inhabitants of the castle must be asleep or dead. Now the more difficult it became to obtain the fruit, the more the Queen was determined that have it she would. So she ordered that they should bring ladders, and get over the wall into the garden; but though the wall did not look very high, and they tied the ladders together to make them very long, it was quite impossible to get to the top.

"The Queen was in despair, but as night was coming on she ordered that they should encamp just where they were, and went to bed herself, feeling quite ill, she was so disappointed. In the middle of the night she was suddenly awakened, and saw to her surprise a tiny, ugly old woman seated by her bedside, who said to her:

"I must say that we consider it somewhat troublesome of your Majesty to insist upon tasting our fruit; but to save you annoyance, my sisters and I will consent to give you as much as you can carry away, on one condition--that is, that you shall give us your little daughter to bring up as our own.'

"Ah! my dear madam,' cried the Queen, 'is there nothing else that you will take for the fruit? I will give you my kingdoms willingly.'

"No,' replied the old fairy, 'we will have nothing but your little daughter. She shall be as happy as the day is long, and we will give her everything that is worth having in fairy-land, but you must not see her again until she is married.'

"Though it is a hard condition,' said the Queen, 'I consent, for I shall certainly die if I do not taste the fruit, and so I should lose my little daughter either way.'

"So the old fairy led her into the castle, and, though it was still the middle of the night, the Queen could see plainly that it was far more beautiful than she had been told, which you can easily believe, Prince," said the White Cat, "when I tell you that it was this castle that we are now in. 'Will you gather the fruit yourself, Queen?' said the old fairy, 'or shall I call it to come to you?'

"I beg you to let me see it come when it is called,' cried the Queen; 'that will be something quite new.' The old fairy whistled twice, then she cried:

"Apricots, peaches, nectarines, cherries, plums, pears, melons, grapes,

apples, oranges, lemons, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, come!"

"And in an instant they came tumbling in one over another, and yet they were neither dusty nor spoilt, and the Queen found them quite as good as she had fancied them. You see they grew upon fairy trees.

"The old fairy gave her golden baskets in which to take the fruit away, and it was as much as four hundred mules could carry. Then she reminded the Queen of her agreement, and led her back to the camp, and next morning she went back to her kingdom, but before she had gone very far she began to repent of her bargain, and when the King came out to meet her she looked so sad that he guessed that something had happened, and asked what was the matter. At first the Queen was afraid to tell him, but when, as soon as they reached the palace, five frightful little dwarfs were sent by the fairies to fetch me, she was obliged to confess what she had promised. The King was very angry, and had the Queen and myself shut up in a great tower and safely guarded, and drove the little dwarfs out of his kingdom; but the fairies sent a great dragon who ate up all the people he met, and whose breath burnt up everything as he passed through the country; and at last, after trying in vain to rid himself of this monster, the King, to save his subjects, was obliged to consent that I should be given up to the fairies. This time they came themselves to fetch me, in a chariot of pearl drawn by sea-horses, followed by the dragon, who was led with chains of diamonds. My cradle was placed between the old fairies, who loaded me with caresses, and away we whirled through the air to a tower which they had built on purpose for me. There I grew up surrounded with everything that was beautiful and rare, and learning everything that is ever taught to a princess, but without any companions but a parrot and a little dog, who could both talk; and receiving every day a visit from one of the old fairies, who came mounted upon the dragon. One day, however, as I sat at my window I saw a handsome young prince, who seemed to have been hunting in the forest which surrounded my prison, and who was standing and looking up at me. When he saw that I observed him he saluted me with great deference. You can imagine that I was delighted to have some one new to talk to, and in spite of the height of my window our conversation was prolonged till night fell, then my prince reluctantly bade me farewell. But after that he came again many times and at last I consented to marry him, but the question was how was I to escape from my

tower. The fairies always supplied me with flax for my spinning, and by great diligence I made enough cord for a ladder that would reach to the foot of the tower; but, alas! just as my prince was helping me to descend it, the crossest and ugliest of the old fairies flew in. Before he had time to defend himself my unhappy lover was swallowed up by the dragon. As for me, the fairies, furious at having their plans defeated, for they intended me to marry the king of the dwarfs, and I utterly refused, changed me into a white cat. When they brought me here I found all the lords and ladies of my father's court awaiting me under the same enchantment, while the people of lesser rank had been made invisible, all but their hands.

"As they laid me under the enchantment the fairies told me all my history, for until then I had quite believed that I was their child, and warned me that my only chance of regaining my natural form was to win the love of a prince who resembled in every way my unfortunate lover.

"And you have won it, lovely Princess," interrupted the Prince.

"You are indeed wonderfully like him," resumed the Princess--"in voice, in features, and everything; and if you really love me all my troubles will be at an end."

"And mine too," cried the Prince, throwing himself at her feet, "if you will consent to marry me."

"I love you already better than anyone in the world," she said; "but now it is time to go back to your father, and we shall hear what he says about it."

So the Prince gave her his hand and led her out, and they mounted the chariot together; it was even more splendid than before, and so was the whole company. Even the horses' shoes were of rubies with diamond nails, and I suppose that is the first time such a thing was ever seen.

As the Princess was as kind and clever as she was beautiful, you may imagine what a delightful journey the Prince found it, for everything the Princess said seemed to him quite charming.

When they came near the castle where the brothers were to meet, the Princess got into a chair carried by four of the guards; it was hewn out of one splendid crystal, and had silken curtains, which she drew round her that she might not be seen.

The Prince saw his brothers walking upon the terrace, each with a lovely princess, and they came to meet him, asking if he had also found a wife.

He said that he had found something much rarer--a white cat! At which they laughed very much, and asked him if he was afraid of being eaten up by mice in the palace. And then they set out together for the town. Each prince and princess rode in a splendid carriage; the horses were decked with plumes of feathers, and glittered with gold. After them came the youngest prince, and last of all the crystal chair, at which everybody looked with admiration and curiosity. When the courtiers saw them coming they hastened to tell the King.

"Are the ladies beautiful?" he asked anxiously.

And when they answered that nobody had ever before seen such lovely princesses he seemed quite annoyed.

However, he received them graciously, but found it impossible to choose between them.

Then turning to his youngest son he said:

"Have you come back alone, after all?"

"Your Majesty," replied the Prince, "will find in that crystal chair a little white cat, which has such soft paws, and mews so prettily, that I am sure you will be charmed with it."

The King smiled, and went to draw back the curtains himself, but at a touch from the Princess the crystal shivered into a thousand splinters, and there she stood in all her beauty; her fair hair floated over her shoulders and was crowned with flowers, and her softly falling robe was of the purest white. She saluted the King gracefully, while a murmur of admiration rose from all around.

"Sire," she said, "I am not come to deprive you of the throne you fill so worthily. I have already six kingdoms, permit me to bestow one upon you, and upon each of your sons. I ask nothing but your friendship, and your consent to my marriage with your youngest son; we shall still have three kingdoms left for ourselves."

The King and all the courtiers could not conceal their joy and astonishment, and the marriage of the three Princes was celebrated at once. The festivities lasted several months, and then each king and queen departed to their own kingdom and lived happily ever after.

## ALASKA

Arctic Circle of Northwestern Alaska

Tooloogigra Tales

by John Driggs

from Short Sketches from Oldest America,

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## WEBUKSIDE

There is a firm belief among the Polarites that a time is to arrive when the world will come to an end, it being known as "Webukside" or the Judgment Day. "Tooloogigra," the great and good spirit who was once on earth as a mortal, will be present to judge the quick and the dead.

All are to be examined. The wicked, who through the sinful lives they led while on earth have not merited eternal happiness, are to be rejected and consumed in the great fire which will finally destroy the world. Those whose good lives have earned for them eternal joy are to be saved; they are to pass with "Tooloogigra" into their future home, where they will live forever, free from all cares, or sorrows, or suffering of any kind.

When a man dies, it is believed that after the third night some member of the tribe, who has made the journey before, visits the grave to conduct the new one to his home where he is to remain while awaiting the coming of "Webukside." On the fourth day after a death, some member of the family strikes four blows with a hammer, at the recent home of the deceased, which is a sign of farewell and means that the spirit is not to return to that iglo again. With a woman, it takes one day longer to pass to the place of waiting, so not until after the fourth night are the knocks made. The dead have deer-skin masks over their faces and their hands are encased in mittens.

Like the Jews who have so long been awaiting the coming of their Messiah, so the Inupash have been waiting and looking for the return of "Tooloogigra" for ages past. Besides liberating day and night from their confinement (during his childhood), "Tooloogigra" has been credited with one miracle. When grown to manhood, he was once making a long ocean voyage with some companions in their kyaks, and being thirsty, he longed to reach some land where fresh water could be procured. His thirst becoming urgent, he cast his spear, and the

western portion of the land now known as Point Hope arose from the water. The village of Tigara is at the extremity of the storm swept point, which used to extend westward much further.

When "Tooloogigra" had fulfilled his time on earth, he did not die as an ordinary mortal, but ascended into the sky, the people standing below, watching him until he had faded from sight in the distance.

#### BIRTH OF TOOLOOGIGRA

At the remote time of the earth's history when these northern regions were clothed in a verdure of ferns and trees, nature presenting a far different appearance than at present, men had begun to multiply on the face of the earth and were living in a state of pristine contentment. The necessity for building homes to shelter the people had not yet arrived; the trials and perplexities of the busy world were unknown, and the ambition for riches had not become the absorbing problem of the day. Day and night, according to tradition, had not been liberated from their confinement to bestow their many benefits on the human race, neither had that heedless youth been born who introduced old age with its undesirable sequela into the world.

At this time there lived a man who was looked upon as a powerful chieftain. His home was a simple shelter, furnished in the rude fashion of those days, but what seemed to place him above his fellow men and stamped him as being no ordinary mortal were two balls hanging up in his home, which he guarded zealously; one was bright and beautiful, the other dark. Living with the chieftain were his wife and daughter, the latter just budding into womanhood. She was noted for her many virtues, while her laughing, merry disposition rendered her a favorite among the people, and her society was much sought.

Wandering through space just then was a spirit grown tired of the aimless life it was leading. It longed to enter the world, to become a mortal like the merry, happy people whom it daily saw. There was but one way in which the spirit could gain its desire; that was to be born into the world. On looking around in its wanderings, it fell in love with the great virtue and beauty of the chieftain's daughter and decided she should be its medium for entering the world, and therefore hovered around awaiting its opportunity.

One day the young woman's mother requested her to visit the spring as

she wished some fresh, cool water. The girl, like a dutiful daughter, skipped off merrily to fulfil her mother's command.

The spirit having heard the mother's request, hastened forward and entered the spring. The day was warm, the water looked inviting, and the young princess, being thirsty, first dipped up for herself some of the clear sparkling water, and with it dipped up the spirit. Taking a long drink, which seemed particularly refreshing, she swallowed the spirit, and returning to her mother, not dreaming of what had occurred, she was soon at play with her companions. As time went by the spirit grew and the princess became the mother of a son. She named him "Tooloogigra," and the oldest Americans of the Arctic have ever since looked upon him as their great spirit.

#### DAY AND NIGHT

Young "Tooloogigra," inheriting his mother's happy disposition, was soon the pet of his grandparents. As he began to run around, he became infatuated with the bright ball that he saw hanging in his home, but his grandfather would let him have only the dark one to play with. He rolled it around in his childish play, yet it did not meet with his fancy. He often cried and teased grandpa for the other one. The old chieftain, although very affectionate and indulgent in every other respect, refused to let his young grandson have the bright ball that he had been guarding so faithfully for so many years.

At last an opportunity arrived for the boy to gain his desire. The chieftain was absent from home and some people venturing into the place were amazed at the great beauty of the balls. Curiosity has always been a strong element in the human character, and as the people of that day were no exception to the rule, they soon experienced a desire to examine those balls. Unfastening the bright one from its place of confinement, they carried it outside to admire, when little "Tooloogigra," gaining possession, broke the ball with his hands. Instantly a bright light, which had been kept in confinement, escaped, flooding the world with daylight for the first time. The people in their amazement threw up their hands and cried "couru," which has ever since remained the name for daylight.

Not satisfied with their experience and the changed condition of things, they soon had the second ball unfastened and in their hands,

when little "Tooloogigra," gaining possession of this also, broke it as he had the first. A dark vapor was liberated, which, spreading over the earth, extinguished the bright light. The people then cried "oongnoo," from which has been derived "oongnoorpuk"--night.

Ever since that time, many a polar mother has interested her children by telling them how young "Tooloogigra" liberated day and night from their confinement.

**UNITED STATES**

A Boy and His Dog  
by Booth Tarkington  
from Penrod  
Project Gutenberg E-Book #402

Penrod sat morosely upon the back fence and gazed with envy at Duke, his wistful dog.

A bitter soul dominated the various curved and angular surfaces known by a careless world as the face of Penrod Schofield. Except in solitude, that face was almost always cryptic and emotionless; for Penrod had come into his twelfth year wearing an expression carefully trained to be inscrutable. Since the world was sure to misunderstand everything, mere defensive instinct prompted him to give it as little as possible to lay hold upon. Nothing is more impenetrable than the face of a boy who has learned this, and Penrod's was habitually as fathomless as the depth of his hatred this morning for the literary activities of Mrs. Lora Rewbush--an almost universally respected fellow citizen, a lady of charitable and poetic inclinations, and one of his own mother's most intimate friends.

Mrs. Lora Rewbush had written something which she called "The Children's Pageant of the Table Round," and it was to be performed in public that very afternoon at the Women's Arts and Guild Hall for the benefit of the Coloured Infants' Betterment Society. And if any flavour of sweetness remained in the nature of Penrod Schofield after the dismal trials of the school-week just past, that problematic, infinitesimal remnant was made pungent acid by the imminence of his destiny to form a prominent feature of the spectacle, and to declaim the loathsome sentiments of a character named upon the programme the Child Sir Lancelot.

After each rehearsal he had plotted escape, and only ten days earlier there had been a glimmer of light: Mrs. Lora Rewbush caught a very bad cold, and it was hoped it might develop into pneumonia; but she recovered so quickly that not even a rehearsal of the Children's Pageant was postponed. Darkness closed in. Penrod had rather vaguely debated plans for a self-mutilation such as would make his appearance as the Child Sir Lancelot inexpedient on public grounds; it was a heroic

and attractive thought, but the results of some extremely sketchy preliminary experiments caused him to abandon it.

There was no escape; and at last his hour was hard upon him. Therefore he brooded on the fence and gazed with envy at his wistful Duke.

The dog's name was undescriptive of his person, which was obviously the result of a singular series of mesalliances. He wore a grizzled moustache and indefinite whiskers; he was small and shabby, and looked like an old postman. Penrod envied Duke because he was sure Duke would never be compelled to be a Child Sir Lancelot. He thought a dog free and unshackled to go or come as the wind listeth. Penrod forgot the life he led Duke.

There was a long soliloquy upon the fence, a plaintive monologue without words: the boy's thoughts were adjectives, but they were expressed by a running film of pictures in his mind's eye, morbidly prophetic of the hideosities before him. Finally he spoke aloud, with such spleen that Duke rose from his haunches and lifted one ear in keen anxiety.

"I hight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the Child,  
Gentul-hearted, meek, and mild.

What though I'm BUT a littul child,  
Gentul-hearted, meek, and----' OOF!"

All of this except "oof" was a quotation from the Child Sir Lancelot, as conceived by Mrs. Lora Rewbush. Choking upon it, Penrod slid down from the fence, and with slow and thoughtful steps entered a one-storied wing of the stable, consisting of a single apartment, floored with cement and used as a storeroom for broken bric-a-brac, old paint-buckets, decayed garden-hose, worn-out carpets, dead furniture, and other condemned odds and ends not yet considered hopeless enough to be given away.

In one corner stood a large box, a part of the building itself: it was eight feet high and open at the top, and it had been constructed as a sawdust magazine from which was drawn material for the horse's bed in a stall on the other side of the partition. The big box, so high and towerlike, so commodious, so suggestive, had ceased to fulfil its legitimate function; though, providentially, it had been at least half full of sawdust when the horse died. Two years had gone by since that passing; an interregnum in transportation during which Penrod's father was "thinking" (he explained sometimes) of an automobile. Meanwhile, the gifted and generous sawdust-box had served brilliantly in war and peace:

it was Penrod's stronghold.

There was a partially defaced sign upon the front wall of the box; the donjon-keep had known mercantile impulses:

THE O. K. RABIT CO.

PENROD SCHOFIELD AND CO.

INQUIRE FOR PRICES

This was a venture of the preceding vacation, and had netted, at one time, an accrued and owed profit of \$1.38. Prospects had been brightest on the very eve of cataclysm. The storeroom was locked and guarded, but twenty-seven rabbits and Belgian hares, old and young, had perished here on a single night--through no human agency, but in a foray of cats, the besiegers treacherously tunnelling up through the sawdust from the small aperture which opened into the stall beyond the partition. Commerce has its martyrs.

Penrod climbed upon a barrel, stood on tiptoe, grasped the rim of the box; then, using a knot-hole as a stirrup, threw one leg over the top, drew himself up, and dropped within. Standing upon the packed sawdust, he was just tall enough to see over the top.

Duke had not followed him into the storeroom, but remained near the open doorway in a concave and pessimistic attitude. Penrod felt in a dark corner of the box and laid hands upon a simple apparatus consisting of an old bushel-basket with a few yards of clothes-line tied to each of its handles. He passed the ends of the lines over a big spool, which revolved upon an axle of wire suspended from a beam overhead, and, with the aid of this improvised pulley, lowered the empty basket until it came to rest in an upright position upon the floor of the storeroom at the foot of the sawdust-box.

"Eleva-ter!" shouted Penrod. "Ting-ting!"

Duke, old and intelligently apprehensive, approached slowly, in a semicircular manner, deprecatingly, but with courtesy. He pawed the basket delicately; then, as if that were all his master had expected of him, uttered one bright bark, sat down, and looked up triumphantly. His hypocrisy was shallow: many a horrible quarter of an hour had taught him his duty in this matter.

"El-e-VAY-ter!" shouted Penrod sternly. "You want me to come down there to you?"

Duke looked suddenly haggard. He pawed the basket feebly again and,

upon another outburst from on high, prostrated himself flat. Again threatened, he gave a superb impersonation of a worm.

"You get in that el-e-VAY-ter!"

Reckless with despair, Duke jumped into the basket, landing in a dishevelled posture, which he did not alter until he had been drawn up and poured out upon the floor of sawdust with the box. There, shuddering, he lay in doughnut shape and presently slumbered.

It was dark in the box, a condition that might have been remedied by sliding back a small wooden panel on runners, which would have let in ample light from the alley; but Penrod Schofield had more interesting means of illumination. He knelt, and from a former soap-box, in a corner, took a lantern, without a chimney, and a large oil-can, the leak in the latter being so nearly imperceptible that its banishment from household use had seemed to Penrod as inexplicable as it was providential.

He shook the lantern near his ear: nothing splashed; there was no sound but a dry clinking. But there was plenty of kerosene in the can; and he filled the lantern, striking a match to illumine the operation. Then he lit the lantern and hung it upon a nail against the wall. The sawdust floor was slightly impregnated with oil, and the open flame quivered in suggestive proximity to the side of the box; however, some rather deep charrings of the plank against which the lantern hung offered evidence that the arrangement was by no means a new one, and indicated at least a possibility of no fatality occurring this time.

Next, Penrod turned up the surface of the sawdust in another corner of the floor, and drew forth a cigar-box in which were half a dozen cigarettes, made of hayseed and thick brown wrapping paper, a lead-pencil, an eraser, and a small note-book, the cover of which was labelled in his own handwriting:

"English Grammar. Penrod Schofield. Room 6, Ward School Nomber Seventh."

The first page of this book was purely academic; but the study of English undefiled terminated with a slight jar at the top of the second:

"Nor must an adverb be used to modif----"

Immediately followed:

"HAROLD RAMOREZ THE ROADAGENT  
OR WILD LIFE AMONG THE  
ROCKY MTS."

And the subsequent entries in the book appeared to have little concern with Room 6, Ward School Nomber Seventh.

**CYPRUS****Fortunatus and His Purse**

by Andrew Lang

from *The Grey Fairy Book*

Project Gutenberg E-Book #6746

Once upon a time there lived in the city of Famagosta, in the island of Cyprus, a rich man called Theodorus. He ought to have been the happiest person in the whole world, as he had all he could wish for, and a wife and little son whom he loved dearly; but unluckily, after a short time he always grew tired of everything, and had to seek new pleasures. When people are made like this the end is generally the same, and before Fortunatus (for that was the boy's name) was ten years old, his father had spent all his money and had not a farthing left.

But though Theodorus had been so foolish he was not quite without sense, and set about getting work at once. His wife, too, instead of reproaching him sent away the servants and sold their fine horses, and did all the work of the house herself, even washing the clothes of her husband and child.

Thus time passed till Fortunatus was sixteen. One day when they were sitting at supper, the boy said to Theodorus, 'Father, why do you look so sad. Tell me what is wrong, and perhaps I can help you.'

'Ah, my son, I have reason enough to be sad; but for me you would now have been enjoying every kind of pleasure, instead of being buried in this tiny house.'

'Oh, do not let that trouble you,' replied Fortunatus, 'it is time I made some money for myself. To be sure I have never been taught any trade. Still there must be something I can do. I will go and walk on the seashore and think about it.'

Very soon--sooner than he expected--a chance came, and Fortunatus, like a wise boy, seized on it at once. The post offered him was that of page to the Earl of Flanders, and as the Earl's daughter was just going to be married, splendid festivities were held in her honour, and at some of

the tilting matches Fortunatus was lucky enough to win the prize. These prizes, together with presents from the lords and ladies of the court, who liked him for his pleasant ways, made Fortunatus feel quite a rich man.

But though his head was not turned by the notice taken of him, it excited the envy of some of the other pages about the Court, and one of them, called Robert, invented a plot to move Fortunatus out of his way. So he told the young man that the Earl had taken a dislike to him and meant to kill him; Fortunatus believed the story, and packing up his fine clothes and money, slipped away before dawn.

He went to a great many big towns and lived well, and as he was generous and not wiser than most youths of his age, he very soon found himself penniless. Like his father, he then began to think of work, and tramped half over Brittany in search of it. Nobody seemed to want him, and he wandered about from one place to another, till he found himself in a dense wood, without any paths, and not much light. Here he spent two whole days, with nothing to eat and very little water to drink, going first in one direction and then in another, but never being able to find his way out. During the first night he slept soundly, and was too tired to fear either man or beast, but when darkness came on for the second time, and growls were heard in the distance, he grew frightened and looked about for a high tree out of reach of his enemies. Hardly had he settled himself comfortably in one of the forked branches, when a lion walked up to a spring that burst from a rock close to the tree, and crouching down drank greedily. This was bad enough, but after all, lions do not climb trees, and as long as Fortunatus stayed up on his perch, he was quite safe. But no sooner was the lion out of sight, than his place was taken by a bear, and bears, as Fortunatus knew very well, are tree-climbers. His heart beat fast, and not without reason, for as the bear turned away he looked up and saw Fortunatus!

Now in those days every young man carried a sword slung to his belt, and it was a fashion that came in very handily for Fortunatus. He drew his sword, and when the bear got within a yard of him he made a fierce lunge forward. The bear, wild with pain, tried to spring, but the bough he was

standing on broke with his weight, and he fell heavily to the ground. Then Fortunatus descended from his tree (first taking good care to see no other wild animals were in sight) and killed him with a single blow. He was just thinking he would light a fire and make a hearty dinner off bear's flesh, which is not at all bad eating, when he beheld a beautiful lady standing by his side leaning on a wheel, and her eyes hidden by a bandage.

'I am Dame Fortune,' she said, 'and I have a gift for you. Shall it be wisdom, strength, long life, riches, health, or beauty? Think well, and tell me what you will have.'

But Fortunatus, who had proved the truth of the proverb that 'It's ill thinking on an empty stomach,' answered quickly, 'Good lady, let me have riches in such plenty that I may never again be as hungry as I am now.' And the lady held out a purse and told him he had only to put his hand into it, and he and his children would always find ten pieces of gold. But when they were dead it would be a magic purse no longer. At this news Fortunatus was beside himself with joy, and could hardly find words to thank the lady. But she told him that the best thing he could do was to find his way out of the wood, and before bidding him farewell pointed out which path he should take. He walked along it as fast as his weakness would let him, until a welcome light at a little distance showed him that a house was near. It turned out to be an inn, but before entering Fortunatus thought he had better make sure of the truth of what the lady had told him, and took out the purse and looked inside. Sure enough there were the ten pieces of gold, shining brightly. Then Fortunatus walked boldly up to the inn, and ordered them to get ready a good supper at once, as he was very hungry, and to bring him the best wine in the house. And he seemed to care so little what he spent that everybody thought he was a great lord, and vied with each other who should run quickest when he called.

After a night passed in a soft bed, Fortunatus felt so much better that he asked the landlord if he could find him some men-servants, and tell him where any good horses were to be got. The next thing was to provide himself with smart clothes, and then to take a big house where he

could give great feasts to the nobles and beautiful ladies who lived in palaces round about.

In this manner a whole year soon slipped away, and Fortunatus was so busy amusing himself that he never once remembered his parents whom he had left behind in Cyprus. But though he was thoughtless, he was not bad-hearted. As soon as their existence crossed his mind, he set about making preparations to visit them, and as he was not fond of being alone he looked round for some one older and wiser than himself to travel with him. It was not long before he had the good luck to come across an old man who had left his wife and children in a far country many years before, when he went out into the world to seek the fortune which he never found. He agreed to accompany Fortunatus back to Cyprus, but only on condition he should first be allowed to return for a few weeks to his own home before venturing to set sail for an island so strange and distant. Fortunatus agreed to his proposal, and as he was always fond of anything new, said that he would go with him.

The journey was long, and they had to cross many large rivers, and climb over high mountains, and find their way through thick woods, before they reached at length the old man's castle. His wife and children had almost given up hopes of seeing him again, and crowded eagerly round him. Indeed, it did not take Fortunatus five minutes to fall in love with the youngest daughter, the most beautiful creature in the whole world, whose name was Cassandra.

'Give her to me for my wife,' he said to the old man, 'and let us all go together to Famagosta.'

So a ship was bought big enough to hold Fortunatus, the old man and his wife, and their ten children--five of them sons and five daughters. And the day before they sailed the wedding was celebrated with magnificent rejoicings, and everybody thought that Fortunatus must certainly be a prince in disguise. But when they reached Cyprus, he learned to his sorrow that both his father and mother were dead, and for some time he shut himself up in his house and would see nobody, full of shame at having forgotten them all these years. Then he begged that the old man

and his wife would remain with him, and take the place of his parents. For twelve years Fortunatus and Cassandra and their two little boys lived happily in Famagosta. They had a beautiful house and everything they could possibly want, and when Cassandra's sisters married the purse provided them each with a fortune. But at last Fortunatus grew tired of staying at home, and thought he should like to go out and see the world again. Cassandra shed many tears at first when he told her of his wishes, and he had a great deal of trouble to persuade her to give her consent. But on his promising to return at the end of two years she agreed to let him go. Before he went away he showed her three chests of gold, which stood in a room with an iron door, and walls twelve feet thick. 'If anything should happen to me,' he said, 'and I should never come back, keep one of the chests for yourself, and give the others to our two sons.' Then he embraced them all and took ship for Alexandria. The wind was fair and in a few days they entered the harbour, where Fortunatus was informed by a man whom he met on landing, that if he wished to be well received in the town, he must begin by making a handsome present to the Sultan. 'That is easily done,' said Fortunatus, and went into a goldsmith's shop, where he bought a large gold cup, which cost five thousand pounds. This gift so pleased the Sultan that he ordered a hundred casks of spices to be given to Fortunatus; Fortunatus put them on board his ship, and commanded the captain to return to Cyprus and deliver them to his wife, Cassandra. He next obtained an audience of the Sultan, and begged permission to travel through the country, which the Sultan readily gave him, adding some letters to the rulers of other lands which Fortunatus might wish to visit.

Filled with delight at feeling himself free to roam through the world once more, Fortunatus set out on his journey without losing a day. From court to court he went, astonishing everyone by the magnificence of his dress and the splendour of his presents. At length he grew as tired of wandering as he had been of staying at home, and returned to Alexandria, where he found the same ship that had brought him from Cyprus lying in the harbour. Of course the first thing he did was to pay his respects to the Sultan, who was eager to hear about his adventures.

When Fortunatus had told them all, the Sultan observed: 'Well, you

have seen many wonderful things, but I have something to show you more wonderful still;' and he led him into a room where precious stones lay heaped against the walls. Fortunatus' eyes were quite dazzled, but the Sultan went on without pausing and opened a door at the farther end. As far as Fortunatus could see, the cupboard was quite bare, except for a little red cap, such as soldiers wear in Turkey.

'Look at this,' said the Sultan.

'But there is nothing very valuable about it,' answered Fortunatus.

'I've seen a dozen better caps than that, this very day.'

'Ah,' said the Sultan, 'you do not know what you are talking about.

Whoever puts this cap on his head and wishes himself in any place, will find himself there in a moment.'

'But who made it?' asked Fortunatus.

'That I cannot tell you,' replied the Sultan.

'Is it very heavy to wear?' asked Fortunatus.

'No, quite light,' replied the Sultan, 'just feel it.'

Fortunatus took the cap and put it on his head, and then, without thinking, wished himself back in the ship that was starting for Famagosta. In a second he was standing at the prow, while the anchor was being weighed, and while the Sultan was repenting of his folly in allowing Fortunatus to try on the cap, the vessel was making fast for Cyprus.

When it arrived, Fortunatus found his wife and children well, but the two old people were dead and buried. His sons had grown tall and strong, but unlike their father had no wish to see the world, and found their chief pleasure in hunting and tilting. In the main, Fortunatus was

content to stay quietly at home, and if a restless fit did seize upon him, he was able to go away for a few hours without being missed, thanks to the cap, which he never sent back to the Sultan.

By-and-by he grew old, and feeling that he had not many days to live, he sent for his two sons, and showing them the purse and cap, he said to them: 'Never part with these precious possessions. They are worth more than all the gold and lands I leave behind me. But never tell their secret, even to your wife or dearest friend. That purse has served me well for forty years, and no one knows whence I got my riches.' Then he died and was buried by his wife Cassandra, and he was mourned in Famagosta for many years.

## PHILIPPINES

The Silver Shower  
by John Maurice Miller  
from Philippine Folklore Stories  
Project Gutenberg E-Book 10771

Every night in Manila, when the bells of the city boom out the Angelus and lights begin to appear in the windows, the walks are filled with people hurrying toward the bay. In the streets hundreds of carriages, their lamps twinkling like fireflies, speed quickly by, as the cocheros urge on the little Filipino ponies. All are bound for the Luneta to hear the evening concert.

A pretty place is the Luneta, the garden spot of the city. It is laid out in elliptical form and its green lawns are covered with benches for the people. A broad driveway surrounds it and hundreds of electric lights transform the night into day.

A band stand is located at each end of the oval, and at night concerts are given by the military bands.

Thousands of people gather to listen to the music. The bright uniforms of officers and men, the white dresses of American ladies, the black mantillas of the dark-eyed señoritas, and the gayly colored camisas of the Filipino girls show that the beauty and chivalry of Manila have assembled at the concert.

The band plays many beautiful selections and finally closes with the "Star-Spangled Banner." At once every head is bared and all stand at rigid attention till the glorious old song is finished. Then the musicians disperse, the carriages drive away, and people return to their homes.

Many, however, linger on the benches or stroll along the beach, watching the water curling upon the shore. As the waves reach the land a soft light seems to spring from them and to break into thousands of tiny stars. Now and then some one idly skips a stone over the

water. Where it touches, a little fountain of liquid fire springs upward, and the water ripples away in gleaming circles that, growing wider and wider, finally disappear in a flash of silvery light.

Of all the beauties of the Islands, the water of Manila Bay at night ranks among the first. And those who ask why it flashes and glows in this way are told the story of the silver shower that saved the Pasig villages from the Moro Datto Bungtao.

Hundreds of years ago messengers came hurrying from the south of Luzon with the news that the great Datto Bungtao, with many ships and men, was on his way to the island to burn the villages and carry the people away into slavery.

Then great fear came into the hearts of the people, for the fierce Datto was the terror of the eastern seas, and all the southern islands were reported captured. Nevertheless, they resolved to defend their homes and save their people from shame and slavery.

The news proved true, for the Moro chief landed a great army on the shore of the Bay of Batangas, and his fierce followers, with fire and sword, started north to lay waste the country.

For a time they drove all before them, but soon Luzon was up in arms against them and great numbers of warriors hurried southward to battle with the Moros. All tribal feeling was forgotten and Tagalos, Macabebes, Igorrotes, and Pangasinanes hurried southward in thousands.

The Moros presently found themselves checked by a large army of men determined to save their homes or to die fighting.

Near the present town of Imus, in Cavite, a battle was fought and the Moros were defeated. They then retreated southward, but great numbers of Vicoles and Tinguianes rushed up from the southern part of the island and blocked their way.

On the shore of the great Lake Bombon the final battle was fought. The

Moros were killed to a man, and with great rejoicing the tribes returned north and south to their homes.

But in the meantime Bungtao had not been idle. After landing his men, with his two hundred ships he set sail northward, never doubting that his army would sweep all before it. A typhoon carried his fleet far south into the China Sea, but he steered again for Luzon and three weeks later was in sight of Corregidor Island.

He sailed down Manila Bay and drew up his fleet in front of the villages on the Pasig River, the present site of Manila. On the shore the people gathered in terror, for all the warriors had gone to fight the invading army, and only old men and women and children remained in the villages.

Hastily they called a council and finally decided to send a messenger out to the Moro chief with all the gold and things of value they possessed, thinking thus to satisfy the fierce Datto and save their villages from harm.

Accordingly the women gave their rings and bracelets and the men their bangles and chains. Everything of value was taken from the houses. Even the temples of prayer were stripped and all the ornaments taken. So great was the fear of the people that they even sent the gold statue of the great god Captan that was the pride of the tribe, whose members came miles to worship it.

As Bungtao was preparing to land and attack the town with his sailors, the messenger in his canoe came alongside the ship and was at once taken before the Datto. Trembling with fear, the old man, with signs, begged for mercy for the people on the shore. He pointed to the presents and offered them to Bungtao. Then, placing the golden image of Captan at the feet of the Moro and bowing low, he again pleaded for the women and children.

Bungtao laughed in scorn at the offer. On his island was gold enough to satisfy his people. He needed slaves to work in the fields, for it was

beneath the dignity of such warriors as himself and his companions to labor. So he kicked the messenger from him and, with a curse, picked up the sacred golden image and threw it far over the water. Instantly the sky grew dark and blackest night covered the land. The messenger felt himself seized by invisible hands and carried to the shore.

Then suddenly the heavens opened, and a shower of silver fire rained on the Moro boats. In vain the Moros tried to escape. The fire hemmed them in on every side.

Many leaped from the burning ships into the boiling water. When the darkness cleared, boats and Moros had disappeared. Joyfully the people on the shore ran to the temple of worship to pray to Captan. What was their surprise to find the golden image of the god in its usual place, and around it the bracelets and rings offered to the Moros!

When the warriors, a few days later, returned from their great victory in the south, they could hardly believe the story of the wonderful escape of their people. But at night, when they saw the heretofore dull waters dashing and breaking on the shore in crystals of silvery light, they knew that it was Captan who had saved their homes and families. The villages are a thing of the past. The modern city of Manila now stands on the banks of the Pasig.

The nights here are very beautiful. The breeze sighs softly through the palm trees and the golden moon gleams on the waters of Manila Bay. On the shore the waves break gently and little balls of silver light go rushing up the beach. Wise men say that the water is full of phosphorus. But they have never heard the story of the Silver Shower.

**INDIA**

The Valiant Blackbird  
 Collected by W. CROOKE  
 And Retold by  
 WH DROUSE  
 from The Talking Thrush And Other Tales from India  
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A Blackbird and his mate lived together on a tree. The Blackbird used to sing very sweetly, and one day the King heard him in passing by, and sent a Fowler to catch him. But the Fowler made a mistake; he did not catch Mr. Blackbird, who sang so sweetly, but Mrs. Blackbird, who could hardly sing at all. However, he did not know the difference, to look at her, nor did the King when he got the bird; but a cage was made for Mrs. Blackbird, and there she was kept imprisoned.

Bent over looking at blackbird

When Mr. Blackbird heard that his dear spouse was stolen, he was very angry indeed. He determined to get her back, by hook or by crook. So he got a long sharp thorn, and tied it at his waist by a thread; and on his head he put the half of a walnut-shell for a helmet, and the skin of a dead frog served for body-armour. Then he made a little kettle-drum out of the other half of the walnut-shell; and he beat his drum, and proclaimed war upon the King.

As he walked along the road, beating his drum, he met a Cat.

"Whither away, Mr. Blackbird?" said the Cat.

"To fight against the King," said Mr. Blackbird.

"All right," said the Cat, "I'll come with you: he drowned my kitten."

"Jump into my ear, then," says Mr. Blackbird. The Cat jumped into the Blackbird's ear, and curled up, and went to sleep: and the Blackbird marched along, beating his drum.

Some way further on, he met some Ants.

"Whither away, Mr. Blackbird?" said the Ants.

"To fight against the King," said Mr. Blackbird.

"All right," said the Ants, "we'll come too; he poured hot water down our hole."

"Jump into my ear," said Mr. Blackbird. In they jumped, and away went Blackbird, beating upon his drum.

Next he met a Rope and a Club. They asked him, whither away? and when they heard that he was going to fight against the King, they jumped into his ear also, and away he went.

Not far from the King's palace, Blackbird had to cross over a River.

"Whither away, friend Blackbird?" asked the River.

Quoth the Blackbird, "To fight against the King."

"Then I'll come with you," said the River.

"Jump into my ear," says the Blackbird.

Blackbird's ears were pretty full by this time, but he found room somewhere for the River, and away he went.

Blackbird marched along until he came to the palace of the King. He knocked at the door,  
thump, thump.

"Who's there?" said the Porter.

"General Blackbird, come to make war upon the King, and get back his wife."

The Porter laughed so at the sight of General Blackbird, with his thorn, and his frogskin,

and his drum, that he nearly fell off his chair. Then he escorted Blackbird into the King's presence.

"What do you want?" said the King.

"I want my wife," said the Blackbird, beating upon his drum, rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dubdub.

"You shan't have her," said the King.

"Then," said the Blackbird, "you must take the consequences." Rub-a-dub-dub went the drum.

"Seize this insolent bird," said the King, "and shut him up in the henhouse. I don't think there will be much left of him in the morning."

The servants shut up Blackbird in the henhouse. When all the world was asleep, Blackbird said—

"Come out, Pussy, from my ear,  
There are fowls in plenty here;  
Scratch them, make their feathers fly,  
Wring their necks until they die."

Out came Pussy-cat in an instant. What a confusion there was in the henhouse. Cluckcluck-cluck went the hens, flying all over the place; but no use: Pussy got them all, and scratched out their feathers, and wrung their necks. Then she went back into Blackbird's ear, and Blackbird went to sleep.

When morning came, the King said to his men, "Go, fetch the carcass of that insolent bird, and give the Chickens an extra bushel of corn." But when they entered the henhouse,

Blackbird was singing away merrily on the roost, and all the fowls lay around in heaps with their necks wrung.

They told the King, and an angry King was he. "To-night," said he, "you must shut up Blackbird in the stable." So Blackbird was shut up in the stable, among the wild Horses.

At midnight, when all the world was asleep, Blackbird said—

"Come out, Rope, and come out, Stick,  
Tie the Horses lest they kick;

Beat the Horses on the head,

Beat them till they fall down dead."

Out came Club and Rope from Blackbird's ear; the Rope tied the horses, and the Club beat them, till they died. Then the Rope and the Club went back into the Blackbird's ear, and Blackbird went to sleep.

Next morning the King said—

"No doubt my wild Horses have settled the business of that Blackbird once for all. Just go and fetch out his corpse."

The servants went to the wild Horses' stable. There was Blackbird, sitting on the manger,

and drumming away on his walnut-shell; and all round lay the dead bodies of the Horses, beaten to death.

If the King was angry before, he was furious now. His horses had cost a great deal of money; and to be tricked by a Blackbird is a poor joke.

"All right," said the King, "I'll make sure work of it to-night. He shall be put with the Elephants."

When night came the Blackbird was shut up in the Elephants' shed. No sooner was all the world quiet, than Blackbird began to sing—

"Come from out my ear, you Ants,  
Come and sting the Elephants;  
Sting their trunk, and sting their head,  
Sting them till they fall down dead."

Out came a swarm of Ants from the Blackbird's ear. They crawled up inside the Elephants'

trunks, they burrowed into the Elephants' brains, and stung them so sharply that the Elephants all went mad, and died.

Next morning, as before, the King sent for the Blackbird's carcass; and, instead of finding his carcass, the servants found the Blackbird rub-a-dub-dubbing on his drum, and the dead Elephants piled all round him.

This time the King was fairly desperate. "I can't think how he does it," said he, "but I must find out. Tie him to-night to my bed, and we'll see."

So that night Blackbird was tied to the King's bed. In the middle of the night, the King (who had purposely kept awake) heard him sing—

"Come out, River, from my ear,  
Flow about the bedroom here;

Pour yourself upon the bed,

Drown the King till he is dead."

Out came the River, pour-pour-pouring out of the Blackbird's ear. It flooded the room,  
it floated the King's bed, the King began to get wet.

"In Heaven's name, General Blackbird," said the King, "take your wife, and begone."

So Blackbird received his wife again, and they lived happily ever after.

**CHINA****THE DRAGON-PRINCESS**

In the Sea of Dungting there is a hill, and in that hill there is a hole, and this hole is so deep that it has no bottom.

Once a fisherman was passing there who slipped and fell into the hole. He came to a country full of winding ways which led over hill and dale for several miles. Finally he reached a dragon-castle lying in a great plain. There grew a green slime which reached to his knees. He went to the gate of the castle. It was guarded by a dragon who spouted water which dispersed in a fine mist. Within the gate lay a small hornless dragon who raised his head, showed his claws, and would not let him in.

The fisherman spent several days in the cave, satisfying his hunger with the green slime, which he found edible and which tasted like rice-mush. At last he found a way out again. He told the district mandarin what had happened to him, and the latter reported the matter to the emperor. The emperor sent for a wise man and questioned him concerning it.

The wise man said: "There are four paths in this cave. One path leads to the south-west shore of the Sea of Dungting, the second path leads to a valley in the land of the four rivers, the third path ends in a cave on the mountain of Lo-Fu and the fourth in an island of the Eastern Sea. In this cave dwells the seventh daughter of the Dragon-King of the Eastern Sea, who guards his pearls and his treasure. It happened once in the ancient days, that a fisherboy dived into the water and brought up a pearl from beneath the chin of a black dragon. The dragon was asleep, which was the reason the fisherboy brought the pearl to the surface without being harmed. The treasure which the daughter of the Dragon-King has in charge is made up of thousands and millions of such jewels. Several thousands of small dragons watch over them in her service. Dragons have the peculiarity of fighting shy of wax. But they are fond of beautiful jade-stones, and of kung-tsing, the hollowgreen wood, and like to eat swallows. If

one were to send a messenger with a letter, it would be possible to obtain precious pearls."

The emperor was greatly pleased, and announced a large reward for the man who was competent to go to the dragon-castle as his messenger. The first man to come forward was named So Pi-Lo. But the wise man said: "A great-great-great-grandfather of yours once slew more than a hundred of the dragons of the Eastern Sea, and was finally himself slain by the dragons. The dragons are the enemies of your family and you cannot go."

Then came a man from Canton, Lo-Dsi-Tschun, with his two brothers, who said that his ancestors had been related to the Dragon-King. Hence they were well liked by the dragons and well known to them. They begged to be entrusted with the message.

The wise man asked: "And have you still in your possession the stone which compels the dragons to do your will?"

"Yes," said they, "we have brought it along with us."

The wise man had them show him the stone; then he spoke: "This stone is only obeyed by the dragons who make clouds and send down the rain. It will not do for the dragons who guard the pearls of the sea-king." Then he questioned them further: "Have you the dragon-brain vapor?" When they admitted that they had not, the wise man said: "How then will you compel the dragons to yield their treasure?"

And the emperor said: "What shall we do?"

The wise man replied: "On the Western Ocean sail foreign merchants who deal in dragon-brain vapor. Some one must go to them and seek it from them. I also know a holy man who is an adept in the art of taming dragons, and who has prepared ten pounds of the dragon-stone. Some one should be sent for that as well."

The emperor sent out his messengers. They met one of the holy man's disciples and obtained two fragments of dragon-stone from him.

Said the wise man: "That is what we want!"

Several more months went by, and at last a pill of dragon-brain vapor had also been secured. The emperor felt much pleased and had his jewelers carve two little boxes of the finest jade. These were polished with the ashes of the Wutung-tree. And he had an essence prepared of the very best hollowgreen wood, pasted with sea-fish lime, and hardened in the fire. Of this two vases were made. Then the bodies and the clothing of the messengers were rubbed with tree-wax, and they were given five hundred roasted swallows to take along with them.

They went into the cave. When they reached the dragon-castle, the little dragon who guarded the gate smelled the tree-wax, so he crouched down and did them no harm. They gave him a hundred roasted swallows as a bribe to announce them to the daughter of the Dragon-King. They were admitted to her presence and offered her the jade caskets, the vases and the four hundred roasted swallows as gifts. The dragon's daughter received them graciously, and they unfolded the emperor's letter.

In the castle there was a dragon who was over a thousand years old. He could turn himself into a human being, and could interpret the language of human beings. Through him the dragon's daughter learned that the emperor was sending her the gifts, and she returned them with a gift of three great pearls, seven smaller pearls and a whole bushel of ordinary pearls. The messengers took leave, rode off with their pearls on a dragon's back, and in a moment they had reached the banks of the Yangtze-kiang. They made their way to Nanking, the imperial capital, and there handed over their treasure of gems.

The emperor was much pleased and showed them to the wise man. He said: "Of the three great pearls one is a divine wishing-pearl of the third class, and two are black dragon-pears of medium quality. Of the seven smaller pearls two are serpent-pears, and five are mussel-pears. The remaining pearls are in part sea-crane pearls, in part snail and oyster-pears. They do not approach the great pearls in value, and yet few will be found to equal them on earth."

The emperor also showed them to all his servants. They, however,

thought the wise man's words all talk, and did not believe what he said.

Then the wise man said: "The radiance of wishing-pearls of the first class is visible for forty miles, that of the second class for twenty miles, and that of the third for ten miles. As far as their radiance carries, neither wind nor rain, thunder nor lightning, water, fire nor weapons may reach. The pearls of the black dragon are nine-colored and glow by night. Within the circle of their light the poison of serpents and worms is powerless. The serpent-pearls are seven-colored, the mussel-pearls five-colored. Both shine by night. Those most free from spots are the best. They grow within the mussel, and increase and decrease in size as the moon waxes and wanes."

Some one asked how the serpent and sea-crane pearls could be told apart, and the wise man answered: "The animals themselves recognize them."

Then the emperor selected a serpent-pearl and a sea-crane pearl, put them together with a whole bushel of ordinary pearls, and poured the lot out in the courtyard. Then a large yellow serpent and a black crane were fetched and placed among the pearls. At once the crane took up a sea-crane pearl in his bill and began to dance and sing and flutter around. But the serpent snatched at the serpent-pearl, and wound himself about it in many coils. And when the people saw this they acknowledged the truth of the wise man's words. As regards the radiance of the larger and smaller pearls it turned out, too, just as the wise man had said.

In the dragon-castle the messengers had enjoyed dainty fare, which tasted like flowers, herbs, ointment and sugar. They had brought a remnant of it with them to the capital; yet exposed to the air it had become as hard as stone. The emperor commanded that these fragments be preserved in the treasury. Then he bestowed high rank and titles on the three brothers, and made each one of them a present of a thousand rolls of fine silk stuff. He also had investigated why it was that the fisherman, when he chanced upon the cave, had not been destroyed by the dragons. And it turned out that his fishing clothes had been soaked in oil and tree-wax. The dragons had dreaded the odor.

**PORUGAL****The False Prince and The True**

by Andrew Lang

from *The Lilac Fairy Book*

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The king had just awakened from his midday sleep, for it was summer, and everyone rose early and rested from twelve to three, as they do in hot countries. He had dressed himself in cool white clothes, and was passing through the hall on his way to the council chamber, when a number of young nobles suddenly appeared before him, and one amongst them stepped forward and spoke.

'Sire, this morning we were all playing tennis in the court, the prince and this gentleman with the rest, when there broke out some dispute about the game. The prince lost his temper, and said many insulting things to the other, who was playing against him, till at length the gentleman whom you see there struck him violently in the face, so that the blood ran from his mouth and nose. We were all so horrified at the sight, that we should most likely have killed the man then and there, for daring to lay hands on the prince, had not his grandfather the duke stepped between and commanded us to lay the affair before you.'

The king had listened attentively to the story, and when it was ended he said:

'I suppose the prince had no arms with him, or else he would have used them?'

'Yes, sire, he had arms; he always carries a dagger in his belt. But when he saw the blood pouring from his face, he went to a corner of the court and began to cry, which was the strangest thing of all.'

On hearing this the king walked to the window and stood for a few minutes with his back to the room, where the company of young men remained silent. Then he came back, his face white and stern.

'I tell you,' he said, 'and it is the solemn truth, that I would rather you had told me that the prince was dead, though he is my only son, than know that he would suffer such an injury without attempting to avenge it. As for the gentleman who struck him, he will be brought before my judges, and will plead his own cause, but I hardly think he can escape'

death, after having assaulted the heir to the crown.'

The young man raised his head as if to reply, but the king would not listen, and commanded his guards to put him under arrest, adding, however, that if the prisoner wished to visit any part of the city, he was at liberty to do so properly guarded, and in fifteen days he would be brought to trial before the highest judges in the land.

The young man left the king's presence, surrounded by soldiers, and accompanied by many of his friends, for he was a great favourite. By their advice he spent the fourteen days that remained to him going about to seek counsel from wise men of all sorts, as to how he might escape death, but no one could help him, for none could find any excuse for the blow he had given to the prince.

The fourteenth night had come, and in despair the prisoner went out to take his last walk through the city. He wandered on hardly knowing where he went, and his face was so white and desperate that none of his companions dared speak to him. The sad little procession had passed some hours in this manner, when, near the gate of a monastery, an old woman appeared round a corner, and suddenly stood before the young man. She was bent almost double, and was so wizened and wrinkled that she looked at least ninety; only her eyes were bright and quick as those of a girl.  
'Sir,' she said, 'I know all that has happened to you, and how you are seeking if in any wise you can save your life. But there is none that can answer that question save only I myself, if you will promise to do all I ask.'

At her words the prisoner felt as if a load had all at once been rolled off him.

'Oh, save me, and I will do anything!' he cried. 'It is so hard to leave the world and go out into the darkness.'

'You will not need to do that,' answered the old woman, 'you have only got to marry me, and you will soon be free.'

'Marry you?' exclaimed he, 'but--but--I am not yet twenty, and you--why, you must be a hundred at least! Oh, no, it is quite impossible.'

He spoke without thinking, but the flash of anger which darted from her eyes made him feel uncomfortable. However, all she said was:

'As you like; since you reject me, let the crows have you,' and hurried away down the street.

Left to himself, the full horror of his coming death rushed upon the young man, and he understood that he had thrown away his sole chance of life. Well, if he must, he must, he said to himself, and began to run as fast as he could after the old crone, who by this time could scarcely be seen, even in the moonlight. Who would have believed a woman past ninety could walk with such speed? It seemed more like flying! But at length, breathless and exhausted, he reached her side, and gasped out:

'Madam, pardon me for my hasty words just now; I was wrong, and will thankfully accept the offer you made me.'

'Ah, I thought you would come to your senses,' answered she, in rather an odd voice. 'We have no time to lose--follow me at once,' and they went on silently and swiftly till they stopped at the door of a small house in which the priest lived. Before him the old woman bade the prisoner swear that she should be his wife, and this he did in the presence of witnesses. Then, begging the priest and the guards to leave them alone for a little, she told the young man what he was to do, when the next morning he was brought before the king and the judges.

The hall was full to overflowing when the prisoner entered it, and all marvelled at the brightness of his face. The king inquired if he had any excuse to plead for the high treason he had committed by striking the heir to the throne, and, if so, to be quick in setting it forth. With a low bow the youth made answer in a clear voice:

'O my lord and gracious king, and you, nobles and wise men of the land, I leave my cause without fear in your hands, knowing that you will listen and judge rightly, and that you will suffer me to speak to the end, before you give judgment.'

'For four years, you, O king, had been married to the queen and yet had no children, which grieved you greatly. The queen saw this, and likewise that your love was going from her, and thought night and day of some plan that might put an end to this evil. At length, when you were away fighting in distant countries, she decided what she would do, and adopted in secret the baby of a poor quarryman, sending a messenger to tell you that you had a son. No one suspected the truth except a priest to whom the queen confessed the truth, and in a few weeks she fell ill and died, leaving the baby to be brought up as became a prince. And now,

if your highness will permit me, I will speak of myself.'

'What you have already told me,' answered the king, 'is so strange that I cannot imagine what more there is to tell, but go on with your story.'

'One day, shortly after the death of the queen,' continued the young man, 'your highness was hunting, and outstripped all your attendants while chasing the deer. You were in a part of the country which you did not know, so seeing an orchard all pink and white with apple-blossoms, and a girl tossing a ball in one corner, you went up to her to ask your way. But when she turned to answer you, you were so struck with her beauty that all else fled from your mind. Again and again you rode back to see her, and at length persuaded her to marry you. She only thought you a poor knight, and agreed that, as you wished it, the marriage should be kept secret.

'After the ceremony you gave her three rings and a charm with a cross on it, and then put her in a cottage in the forest, thinking to hide the matter securely.'

'For some months you visited the cottage every week; but a rebellion broke out in a distant part of the kingdom, and called for your presence. When next you rode up to the cottage, it was empty, and none could inform you whither your bride had gone. That, sire, I can now tell you,' and the young man paused and looked at the king, who coloured deeply. 'She went back to her father the old duke, once your chamberlain, and the cross on her breast revealed at once who you were. Fierce was his anger when he heard his daughter's tale, and he vowed that he would hide her safely from you, till the day came when you would claim her publicly as your queen.'

'By and bye I was born, and was brought up by my grandfather in one of his great houses. Here are the rings you gave to my mother, and here is the cross, and these will prove if I am your son or not.'

As he spoke the young man laid the jewels at the feet of the king, and the nobles and the judges pressed round to examine them. The king alone did not move from his seat, for he had forgotten the hall of justice and all about him, and saw only the apple-orchard as it was twenty years ago, and the beautiful girl playing at ball. A sudden silence round him made him look up, and he found the eyes of the assembly fixed on him.

'It is true; it is he who is my son, and not the other,' he said with an effort, 'and let every man present swear to acknowledge him as king,

after my death.'

Therefore one by one they all knelt before him and took the oath, and a message was sent to the false prince, forbidding him ever again to appear at court, though a handsome pension was granted him.

At last the ceremony was over, and the king, signing to his newly found son to follow him, rose and went into another room.

'Tell me how you knew all that,' he said, throwing himself into a carved chair filled with crimson cushions, and the prince told of his meeting with the old woman who had brought him the jewels from his mother, and how he had sworn before a priest to marry her, though he did not want to do it, on account of the difference in their ages, and besides, he would rather receive a bride chosen by the king himself. But the king frowned, and answered sharply:

'You swore to marry her if she saved your life, and, come what may, you must fulfil your promise.' Then, striking a silver shield that hung close by, he said to the equerry who appeared immediately:

'Go and seek the priest who lives near the door of the prison, and ask him where you can find the old woman who visited him last night; and when you have found her, bring her to the palace.'

It took some time to discover the whereabouts of the old woman, but at length it was accomplished, and when she arrived at the palace with the equerry, she was received with royal honours, as became the bride of the prince. The guards looked at each other with astonished eyes, as the wizened creature, bowed with age, passed between their lines; but they were more amazed still at the lightness of her step as she skipped up the steps to the great door before which the king was standing, with the prince at his side. If they both felt a shock at the appearance of the aged lady they did not show it, and the king, with a grave bow, took her hand, and led her to the chapel, where a bishop was waiting to perform the marriage ceremony.

For the next few weeks little was seen of the prince, who spent all his days in hunting, and trying to forget the old wife at home. As for the princess, no one troubled himself about her, and she passed the days alone in her apartments, for she had absolutely declined the services of the ladies-in-waiting whom the king had appointed for her.

One night the prince returned after a longer chase than usual, and he was so tired that he went up straight to bed. Suddenly he was awakened by a strange noise in the room, and suspecting that a robber might have stolen in, he jumped out of bed, and seized his sword, which lay ready to his hand. Then he perceived that the noise proceeded from the next room, which belonged to the princess, and was lighted by a burning torch. Creeping softly to the door, he peeped through it, and beheld her lying quietly, with a crown of gold and pearls upon her head, her wrinkles all gone, and her face, which was whiter than the snow, as fresh as that of a girl of fourteen. Could that really be his wife--that beautiful, beautiful creature?

The prince was still gazing in surprise when the lady opened her eyes and smiled at him.

'Yes, I really am your wife,' she said, as if she had guessed his thoughts, 'and the enchantment is ended. Now I must tell you who I am, and what befell to cause me to take the shape of an old woman.'

'The king of Granada is my father, and I was born in the palace which overlooks the plain of the Vega. I was only a few months old when a wicked fairy, who had a spite against my parents, cast a spell over me, bending my back and wrinkling my skin till I looked as if I was a hundred years old, and making me such an object of disgust to everyone, that at length the king ordered my nurse to take me away from the palace. She was the only person who cared about me, and we lived together in this city on a small pension allowed me by the king.'

'When I was about three an old man arrived at our house, and begged my nurse to let him come in and rest, as he could walk no longer. She saw that he was very ill, so put him to bed and took such care of him that by and bye he was as strong as ever. In gratitude for her goodness to him, he told her that he was a wizard and could give her anything she chose to ask for, except life or death, so she answered that what she longed for most in the world was that my wrinkled skin should disappear, and that I should regain the beauty with which I was born. To this he replied that as my misfortune resulted from a spell, this was rather difficult, but he would do his best, and at any rate he could promise that before my fifteenth birthday I should be freed from the enchantment if I could get a man who would swear to marry me as I was.'

'As you may suppose, this was not easy, as my ugliness was such that no one would look at me a second time. My nurse and I were almost in despair, as my fifteenth birthday was drawing near, and I had never so much as spoken to a man. At last we received a visit from the wizard, who told us what had happened at court, and your story, bidding me to put myself in your way when you had lost all hope, and offer to save you if you would consent to marry me.

'That is my history, and now you must beg the king to send messengers at once to Granada, to inform my father of our marriage, and I \_think\_,' she added with a smile, 'that he will not refuse us his blessing.'

**PERSIA\*\***

Moti

A Pushto Story.

By Andrew Lang

from The Lilac Fairy Book

Once upon a time there was a youth called Moti, who was very big and strong, but the clumsiest creature you can imagine. So clumsy was he that he was always putting his great feet into the bowls of sweet milk or curds which his mother set out on the floor to cool, always smashing, upsetting, breaking, until at last his father said to him:

'Here, Moti, are fifty silver pieces which are the savings of years; take them and go and make your living or your fortune if you can.'

Then Moti started off one early spring morning with his thick staff over his shoulder singing gaily to himself as he walked along.

In one way and another he got along very well until a hot evening when he came to a certain city where he entered the travellers' 'serai' or inn to pass the night. Now a serai, you must know, is generally just a large square enclosed by a high wall with an open colonnade along the inside all round to accommodate both men and beasts, and with perhaps a few rooms in towers at the corners for those who are too rich or too proud to care about sleeping by their own camels and horses. Moti, of course, was a country lad and had lived with cattle all his life, and he wasn't rich and he wasn't proud, so he just borrowed a bed from the innkeeper, set it down beside an old buffalo who reminded him of home, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

In the middle of the night he woke, feeling that he had been disturbed, and putting his hand under his pillow found to his horror that his bag of money had been stolen. He jumped up quietly and began to prowl around to see whether anyone seemed to be awake, but, though he managed to arouse a few men and beasts by falling over them, he walked in the shadow of the archways round the whole serai without coming across a likely thief. He was just about to give it up when he overhead two men whispering, and one laughed softly, and, peering behind a pillar, he saw two Afghan horse-dealers counting out his bag of money! Then Moti went back to bed!

In the morning Moti followed the two Afghans outside the city to the

horsemarket in which their horses were offered for sale. Choosing the best-looking horse amongst them he went up to it and said:

'Is this horse for sale? may I try it?' and, the merchants assenting, he scrambled up on its back, dug in his heels, and off they flew. Now Moti had never been on a horse in his life, and had so much ado to hold on with both hands as well as with both legs that the animal went just where it liked, and very soon broke into a break-neck gallop and made straight back to the serai where it had spent the last few nights.

'This will do very well,' thought Moti as they whirled in at the entrance. As soon as the horse had arrived at its stable it stopped of its own accord and Moti immediately rolled off; but he jumped up at once, tied the beast up, and called for some breakfast. Presently the Afghans appeared, out of breath and furious, and claimed the horse. 'What do you mean?' cried Moti, with his mouth full of rice, 'it's my horse; I paid you fifty pieces of silver for it--quite a bargain, I'm sure!'

'Nonsense! it is our horse,' answered one of the Afghans, beginning to untie the bridle.

'Leave off,' shouted Moti, seizing his staff; 'if you don't let my horse alone I'll crack your skulls! you thieves! I know you! Last night you took my money, so to-day I took your horse; that's fair enough!'

Now the Afghans began to look a little uncomfortable, but Moti seemed so determined to keep the horse that they resolved to appeal to the law, so they went off, and laid a complaint before the king that Moti had stolen one of their horses and would not give it up nor pay for it.

Presently a soldier came to summon Moti to the king; and, when he arrived and made his obeisance, the king began to question him as to why he had galloped off with the horse in this fashion. But Moti declared that he had got the animal in exchange for fifty pieces of silver, whilst the horse merchants vowed that the money they had on them was what they had received for the sale of other horses; and in one way and another the dispute got so confusing that the king (who really thought that Moti had stolen the horse) said at last, 'Well, I tell you what I will do. I will lock something into this box before me, and if he guesses what it is, the horse is his, and if he doesn't, then it is yours.'

To this Moti agreed, and the king arose and went out alone by a little door at the back of the Court, and presently came back clasping something closely wrapped up in a cloth under his robe, slipped it into the little box, locked the box, and set it up where all might see.

'Now,' said the king to Moti, 'guess!'

It happened that when the king had opened the door behind him, Moti noticed that there was a garden outside: without waiting for the king's return he began to think what could be got out of the garden small enough to be shut in the box. 'Is it likely to be a fruit or a flower?

No, not a flower this time, for he clasped it too tight. Then it must be a fruit or a stone. Yet not a stone, because he wouldn't wrap a dirty stone in his nice clean cloth. Then it is a fruit! And a fruit without much scent, or else he would be afraid that I might smell it. Now what fruit without much scent is in season just now? When I know that I shall have guessed the riddle!'

As has been said before, Moti was a country lad, and was accustomed to work in his father's garden. He knew all the common fruits, so he thought he ought to be able to guess right, but so as not to let it seem too easy, he gazed up at the ceiling with a puzzled expression, and looked down at the floor with an air of wisdom and his fingers pressed against his forehead, and then he said, slowly, with his eyes on the king,--

'It is freshly plucked! it is round and it is red! it is a pomegranate!'

Now the king knew nothing about fruits except that they were good to eat; and, as for seasons, he asked for whatever fruit he wanted whenever he wanted it, and saw that he got it; so to him Moti's guess was like a miracle, and clear proof not only of his wisdom but of his innocence, for it \_was\_ a pomegranate that he had put into the box. Of course when the king marvelled and praised Moti's wisdom, everybody else did so too; and, whilst the Afghans went off crestfallen, Moti took the horse and entered the king's service.

Very soon after this, Moti, who continued to live in the serai, came back one wet and stormy evening to find that his precious horse had strayed. Nothing remained of him but a broken halter cord, and no one knew what had become of him. After inquiring of everyone who was likely to know, Moti seized the cord and his big staff and sallied out to look for him. Away and away he tramped out of the city and into the

neighbouring forest, tracking hoof-marks in the mud. Presently it grew late, but still Moti wandered on until suddenly in the gathering darkness he came right upon a tiger who was contentedly eating his horse.

'You thief!' shrieked Moti, and ran up, and, just as the tiger, in astonishment, dropped a bone--whack! came Moti's staff on his head with such good will that the beast was half stunned and could hardly breathe or see. Then Moti continued to shower upon him blows and abuse until the poor tiger could hardly stand, whereupon his tormentor tied the end of the broken halter round his neck and dragged him back to the serai.

'If you had my horse,' he said, 'I will at least have you, that's fair enough!' And he tied him up securely by the head and heels, much as he used to tie the horse; then, the night being far gone, he flung himself beside him and slept soundly.

You cannot imagine anything like the fright of the people in the serai, when they woke up and found a tiger--very battered but still a tiger--securely tethered amongst themselves and their beasts! Men gathered in groups talking and exclaiming, and finding fault with the innkeeper for allowing such a dangerous beast into the serai, and all the while the innkeeper was just as troubled as the rest, and none dared go near the place where the tiger stood blinking miserably on everyone, and where Moti lay stretched out snoring like thunder.

At last news reached the king that Moti had exchanged his horse for a live tiger; and the monarch himself came down, half disbelieving the tale, to see if it were really true. Someone at last awaked Moti with the news that his royal master was come; and he arose yawning, and was soon delightedly explaining and showing off his new possession. The king, however, did not share his pleasure at all, but called up a soldier to shoot the tiger, much to the relief of all the inmates of the serai except Moti. If the king, however, was before convinced that Moti was one of the wisest of men, he was now still more convinced that he was the bravest, and he increased his pay a hundredfold, so that our hero thought that he was the luckiest of men.

A week or two after this incident the king sent for Moti, who on arrival found his master in despair. A neighbouring monarch, he explained, who had many more soldiers than he, had declared war against him, and he was at his wits' end, for he had neither money to buy him off nor soldiers

enough to fight him--what was he to do?

'If that is all, don't you trouble,' said Moti. 'Turn out your men, and I'll go with them, and we'll soon bring this robber to reason.'

The king began to revive at these hopeful words, and took Moti off to his stable where he bade him choose for himself any horse he liked.

There were plenty of fine horses in the stalls, but to the king's astonishment Moti chose a poor little rat of a pony that was used to carry grass and water for the rest of the stable.

'But why do you choose that beast?' said the king.

'Well, you see, your majesty,' replied Moti, 'there are so many chances that I may fall off, and if I choose one of your fine big horses I shall have so far to fall that I shall probably break my leg or my arm, if not my neck, but if I fall off this little beast I can't hurt myself much.'

A very comical sight was Moti when he rode out to the war. The only weapon he carried was his staff, and to help him to keep his balance on horseback he had tied to each of his ankles a big stone that nearly touched the ground as he sat astride the little pony. The rest of the king's cavalry were not very numerous, but they pranced along in armour on fine horses. Behind them came a great rabble of men on foot armed with all sorts of weapons, and last of all was the king with his attendants, very nervous and ill at ease. So the army started.

They had not very far to go, but Moti's little pony, weighted with a heavy man and two big rocks, soon began to lag behind the cavalry, and would have lagged behind the infantry too, only they were not very anxious to be too early in the fight, and hung back so as to give Moti plenty of time. The young man jogged along more and more slowly for some time, until at last, getting impatient at the slowness of the pony, he gave him such a tremendous thwack with his staff that the pony completely lost his temper and bolted. First one stone became untied and rolled away in a cloud of dust to one side of the road, whilst Moti nearly rolled off too, but clasped his steed valiantly by its ragged mane, and, dropping his staff, held on for dear life. Then fortunately the other rock broke away from his other leg and rolled thunderously down a neighbouring ravine. Meanwhile the advanced cavalry had barely time to draw to one side when Moti came dashing by, yelling bloodthirsty threats to his pony:

'You wait till I get hold of you! I'll skin you alive! I'll wring your

neck! I'll break every bone in your body!' The cavalry thought that this dreadful language was meant for the enemy, and were filled with admiration of his courage. Many of their horses too were quite upset by this whirlwind that galloped howling through their midst, and in a few minutes, after a little plunging and rearing and kicking, the whole troop were following on Moti's heels.

Far in advance, Moti continued his wild career. Presently in his course he came to a great field of castor-oil plants, ten or twelve feet high, big and bushy, but quite green and soft. Hoping to escape from the back of his fiery steed Moti grasped one in passing, but its roots gave way, and he dashed on, with the whole plant looking like a young tree flourishing in his grip.

The enemy were in battle array, advancing over the plain, their king with them confident and cheerful, when suddenly from the front came a desperate rider at a furious gallop.

'Sire!' he cried, 'save yourself! the enemy are coming!'

'What \_do\_ you mean?' said the king.

'Oh, sire!' panted the messenger, 'fly at once, there is no time to lose. Foremost of the enemy rides a mad giant at a furious gallop. He flourishes a tree for a club and is wild with anger, for as he goes he cries, "You wait till I get hold of you! I'll skin you alive! I'll wring your neck! I'll break every bone in your body!" Others ride behind, and you will do well to retire before this whirlwind of destruction comes upon you.'

Just then out of a cloud of dust in the distance the king saw Moti approaching at a hard gallop, looking indeed like a giant compared with the little beast he rode, whirling his castor-oil plant, which in the distance might have been an oak tree, and the sound of his revilings and shoutings came down upon the breeze! Behind him the dust cloud moved to the sound of the thunder of hoofs, whilst here and there flashed the glitter of steel. The sight and the sound struck terror into the king, and, turning his horse, he fled at top speed, thinking that a regiment of yelling giants was upon him; and all his force followed him as fast as they might go. One fat officer alone could not keep up on foot with that mad rush, and as Moti came galloping up he flung himself on the ground in abject fear. This was too much for Moti's excited pony, who shied so suddenly that Moti went flying over his head like a sky rocket,

and alighted right on the top of his fat foe.

Quickly regaining his feet Moti began to swing his plant round his head and to shout:

'Where are your men? Bring them up and I'll kill them. My regiments! Come on, the whole lot of you! Where's your king? Bring him to me. Here are all my fine fellows coming up and we'll each pull up a tree by the roots and lay you all flat and your houses and towns and everything else! Come on!'

But the poor fat officer could do nothing but squat on his knees with his hands together, gasping. At last, when he got his breath, Moti sent him off to bring his king, and to tell him that if he was reasonable his life should be spared. Off the poor man went, and by the time the troops of Moti's side had come up and arranged themselves to look as formidable as possible, he returned with his king. The latter was very humble and apologetic, and promised never to make war any more, to pay a large sum of money, and altogether do whatever his conqueror wished. So the armies on both sides went rejoicing home, and this was really the making of the fortune of clumsy Moti, who lived long and contrived always to be looked up to as a fountain of wisdom, valour, and discretion by all except his relations, who could never understand what he had done to be considered so much wiser than anyone else.

**DENMARK**

The Strange Adventures of Little Maia  
 (aka Thumbelina)  
 by Andrew Lang (via Hans Christian Andersen)  
 from The Olive Fairy Book  
 Project Gutenberg Ebook 27826

Once upon a time there lived a woman who had a pretty cottage and garden right in the middle of a forest. All through the summer she was quite happy tending her flowers and listening to the birds singing in the trees, but in the winter, when snow lay on the ground and wolves came howling about the door, she felt very lonely and frightened. 'If I only had a child to speak to, however small, what a comfort it would be!' she said to herself. And the heavier the snow fell the oftener she repeated the words. And at last a day arrived when she could bear the silence and solitude no longer, and set off to walk to the nearest village to beg someone to sell her or lend her a child.

The snow was very deep, and reached above her ankles, and it took her almost an hour to go a few hundred yards.

'It will be dark at this rate before I get to the first house,' thought she, and stopped to look about her. Suddenly a little woman in a high-crowned hat stepped from behind a tree in front of her.

'This is a bad day for walking! Are you going far?' inquired the little woman.

'Well, I want to go to the village; but I don't see how I am ever to get there,' answered the other.

'And may I ask what important business takes you there?' asked the little woman, who was really a witch.

'My house is so dreary, with no one to speak to; I cannot stay in it alone, and I am seeking for a child--I don't mind how small she is--who will keep me company.'

'Oh, if that is all, you need go no further,' replied the witch, putting her hand in her pocket. 'Look, here is a barley corn, as a favour you shall have it for twelve shillings, and if you plant it in a flower-pot, and give it plenty of water, in a few days you will see something wonderful.'

This promise raised the woman's spirits. She gladly paid down the

price, and as soon as she returned home she dug a hole in a flower-pot and put in the seed.

For three days she waited, hardly taking her eyes from the flower-pot in its warm corner, and on the third morning she saw that, while she was asleep, a tall red tulip had shot up, sheathed in green leaves.

'What a beautiful blossom,' cried the woman, stooping to kiss it, when, as she did so, the red petals burst asunder, and in the midst of them was a lovely little girl only an inch high. This tiny little creature was seated on a mattress of violets, and covered with a quilt of rose leaves, and she opened her eyes and smiled at the woman as if she had known her all her life.

'Oh! you darling; I shall never be lonely any more!' she exclaimed in rapture; and the baby nodded her head as much as to say:

'No, of course you won't!'

The woman lost no time in seeking for a roomy walnut-shell, which she lined thickly with white satin, and on it she placed the mattress, with the child, whom she called Maia, upon it. This was her bed, and stood on a chair close to where her foster-mother was sleeping; but in the morning she was lifted out, and placed on a leaf in the middle of a large bowl of water, and given two white horse-hairs to row herself about with. She was the happiest baby that ever was seen, and passed the whole day singing to herself, in a language of her own, that nobody else could understand.

For some weeks the two lived together and never grew tired of each other's society, and then a terrible misfortune happened. One night, when the foster-mother lay sound asleep after a hard day's work, a big, ugly, wet frog hopped in through the open window and stood staring at Maia under her quilt of rose leaves.

'Dear me! that is quite a pretty little girl,' thought the frog to herself; 'she would make a nice wife for my son.' And picking up the walnut cradle in her mouth, she hopped with it to the edge of a stream which ran through the garden.

'Come and see what I have brought you,' called the old frog, when she reached her home in the mud.

'Croak! croak! croak!' uttered the son, gazing with pleasure at the sleeping child.

'Hush; don't make such a noise or you will wake her!' whispered the mother. 'I mean her to be a wife for you, and while we are preparing for the wedding we will set her on that water-lily leaf in the middle of the brook, so that she may not be able to run away from us.'

It was on this green floating prison that Maia awoke, frightened and puzzled, with the first rays of the sun. She stood up straight on the leaf, looking about her for a way of escape, and, finding none, she sat down again and began to weep bitterly. At length her sobs were heard by the old frog, who was busy in her house at the bottom of the marsh, twisting rushes into a soft carpet for Maia's feet, and twining reeds and grapes over the doorway, to make it look pretty for the bride.

'Ah! the poor child feels lost and unhappy,' she thought pitifully, for her heart was kind. 'Well, I have just done, and then my son and I will go to fetch her. When she sees how handsome he is she will be all smiles again.' And in a few minutes they both appeared beside the leaf.

'This is your future husband. Did you ever see anyone like him?' asked the proud mother, pushing him forward. But, after one glance, Maia only cried the more; and the little fishes who lived in the stream came swimming round to see what was the matter.

'It is absurd that such a pretty creature should be forced to take a husband whom she does not want,' said they to each other. 'And such an ugly one too! However, we can easily prevent it.' And by turns they gnawed the stem of the lily-leaf close to the root, till at length it was free, and taking it in their mouths they bore Maia far away, till the little stream grew into a great river.

Oh, how Maia enjoyed that voyage, when once she became quite certain that the frogs could no longer reach her. Past many towns she went, and the people on the banks all turned to look at her, and exclaimed:

'What a lovely little girl! Where can she have come from?'

'What a lovely little girl!' twittered the birds in the bushes. And a blue butterfly fell in love with her, and would not leave her; so she took off her sash, which just matched him, and tied it round his body, so that with this new kind of horse she travelled much faster than before.

Unluckily, a great cockchafer, who was buzzing over the river,

happened to catch sight of her, and caught her up in his claws. The poor butterfly was terribly frightened at the sight of him, and he struggled hard to free himself, so that the sash bow gave way, and he flew off into the sunshine. But Maia wasn't so fortunate, and though the cockchafer collected honey from the flowers for her dinner, and told her several times how pretty she was, she could not feel at ease with him. The cockchafer noticed this, and summoned his sisters to play with her; but they only stared rudely, and said:

'Where did you pick up that strange object? She is very ugly to be sure, but one ought to pity her for she has only two legs.'

'Yes, and no feelers,' added another; 'and she is so thin! Well, our brother has certainly very odd taste!'

'Indeed he has!' echoed the others. And they repeated it so loud and so often that, in the end, he believed it too, and snatching her up from the tree where he had placed her, set her down upon a daisy which grew near the ground.

Here Maia stayed for the whole summer, and really was not at all unhappy. She ventured to walk about by herself, and wove herself a bed of some blades of grass, and placed it under a clover leaf for shelter. The red cups that grew in the moss held as much dew as she wanted, and the cockchafer had taught her how to get honey. But summer does not last for ever, and by-and-by the flowers withered, and instead of dew there was snow and ice. Maia did not know what to do, for her clothes were worn to rags, and though she tried to roll herself up in a dry leaf it broke under her fingers. It soon was plain to her that if she did not get some other shelter she would die of hunger and cold.

So, gathering up all her courage, she left the forest and crossed the road into what had been, in the summer, a beautiful field of waving corn, but was now only a mass of hard stalks. She wandered on, seeing nothing but the sky above her head, till she suddenly found herself close to an opening which seemed to lead underground.

'It will be warm, at any rate,' thought Maia, 'and perhaps the person who lives there will give me something to eat. At any rate, I can't be worse off than I am now.' And she walked boldly down the passage. By-and-by she came to a door which stood ajar, and, peeping in, discovered a whole room full of corn. This gave her heart, and she

went on more swiftly, till she reached a kitchen where an old field mouse was baking a cake.

'You poor little animal,' cried the mouse, who had never seen anything like her before, 'you look starved to death! Come and sit here and get warm, and share my dinner with me.'

Maia almost wept with joy at the old mouse's kind words. She needed no second bidding, but ate more than she had ever done in her life, though it was not a breakfast for a humming-bird! When she had quite finished she put out her hand and smiled, and the old mouse said to her:

'Can you tell stories? If so you may stay with me till the sun gets hot again, and you shall help me with my house. But it is dull here in the winter unless you have somebody clever enough to amuse you.'

Yes, Maia had learned a great many stories from her foster-mother, and, besides, there were all her own adventures, and her escapes from death. She knew also how a room should be swept, and never failed to get up early in the morning and have everything clean and tidy for the old mouse.

So the winter passed away pleasantly, and Maia began to talk of the spring, and of the time when she would have to go out into the world again and seek her fortune.

'Oh, you need not begin to think of that for a while yet,' answered the field-mouse. 'Up on the earth they have a proverb:

When the day lengthens

Then the cold strengthens;

it has been quite warm up to now, and the snow may fall any time.

Never a winter goes by without it, and then you will be very thankful you are here, and not outside! But I dare say it is quiet for a young thing like you,' she added, 'and I have invited my neighbour the mole to come and pay us a visit. He has been asleep all these months, but I hear he is waking up again. You would be a lucky girl if he took into his head to marry you, only, unfortunately, he is blind, and cannot see how pretty you are.' And for this blindness Maia felt truly glad, as she did not want a mole for a husband.

However, by-and-by he paid his promised visit, and Maia did not like him at all. He might be as rich and learned as possible, but he hated the sun, and the trees, and the flowers, and all that Maia loved best.

To be sure, being blind, he had never seen them, and, like many other people, he thought that anything \_he\_ did not know was not worth knowing. But Maia's tales amused him, though he would not for the world have let her see it, and he admired her voice when she sang:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,

How does your garden grow?

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top;

though he told her that it was all nonsense, and that trees and gardens were mere foolishness. When she was \_his\_ wife he would teach her things better worth learning.

'Meanwhile,' he said, with a grand air, 'I have burrowed a passage from this house to my own, in which you can walk; but I warn you not to be frightened at a great dead creature that has fallen through a hole in the roof, and is lying on one side.'

'What sort of creature is it?' asked Maia eagerly.

'Oh, I really can't tell you,' answered the mole, indifferently; 'it is covered with something soft, and it has two thin legs, and a long sharp thing sticking out of its head.'

'It is a bird,' cried Maia joyfully, 'and I love birds! It must have died of cold,' she added, dropping her voice. 'Oh! good Mr. Mole, do take me to see it!'

'Come then, as I am going home,' replied the mole. And calling to the old field-mouse to accompany them, they all set out.

'Here it is,' said the mole at last; 'dear me, how thankful I am Fate did not make me a bird. They can't say anything but "twit, twit," and die with the first breath of cold.'

'Ah, yes, poor useless creature,' answered the field-mouse. But while they were talking, Maia crept round to the other side and stroked the feathers of the little swallow, and kissed his eyes.

All that night she lay awake, thinking of the swallow lying dead in the passage. At length she could bear it no longer, and stole away to the place where the hay was kept, and wove a thick carpet. Next she went to the field-mouse's store of cotton which she picked in the summer from some of the marsh flowers, and carrying them both down the passage, she tucked the cotton underneath the bird and spread the hay quilt over him.

'Perhaps you were one of the swallows who sang to me in the summer,'

said she. 'I wish I could have brought you to life again; but now, good-bye!' And she laid her face, wet with tears, on the breast of the bird. Surely she felt a faint movement against her cheek? Yes, there it was again! Suppose the bird was not dead after all, but only senseless with cold and hunger! And at this thought Maia hastened back to the house, and brought some grains of corn, and a drop of water in a leaf. This she held close to the swallow's beak, which he opened unconsciously, and when he had sipped the water she gave him the grains one by one.

'Make no noise, so that no one may guess you are not dead,' she said. 'To-night I will bring you some more food, and I will tell the mole that he must stuff up the hole again, as it makes the passage too cold for me to walk in. And now farewell.' And off she went, back to the field-mouse, who was sound asleep.

After some days of Maia's careful nursing, the swallow felt strong enough to talk, and he told Maia how he came to be in the place where she found him. Before he was big enough to fly very high he had torn his wing in a rosebush, so that he could not keep up with his family and friends when they took their departure to warmer lands. In their swift course they never noticed that their little brother was not with them, and at last he dropped on the ground from sheer fatigue, and must have rolled down the hole into the passage.

It was very lucky for the swallow that both the mole and the field-mouse thought he was dead, and did not trouble about him, so that when the spring *really* came, and the sun was hot, and blue hyacinths grew in the woods and primroses in the hedges, he was as tall and strong as any of his companions.

'You have saved my life, dear little Maia,' said he; 'but now the time has come for me to leave you--unless,' he added, 'you will let me carry you on my back far away from this gloomy prison.'

Maia's eyes sparkled at the thought, but she shook her head bravely.

'Yes, you must go; but I must stay behind,' she answered. 'The field-mouse has been good to me, and I cannot desert her like that. Do you think you can open the hole for yourself?' she asked anxiously.

'If so, you had better begin now, for this evening we are to have supper with the mole, and it would never do for my foster-mother to

find you working at it.'

'That is true,' answered the swallow. And flying up to the roof,--which, after all, was not very high above them--he set to work with his bill, and soon let a flood of sunshine into the dark place.

'\_Won't\_ you come with me, Maia?' said he. And though her heart longed for the trees and the flowers, she answered as before:

'No, I cannot.'

That one glimpse of the sun was all Maia had for some time, for the corn sprung up so thickly over the hole and about the house, that there might almost as well have been no sun at all. However, though she missed her bird friend every moment, she had no leisure to be idle, for the field-mouse had told her that very soon she was to be married to the mole, and kept her spinning wool and cotton for her outfit. And as she had never in her life made a dress, four clever spiders were persuaded to spend the days underground, turning the wool and cotton into tiny garments. Maia liked the clothes, but hated the thought of the blind mole, only she did not know how to escape him. In the evenings, when the spiders were going to their homes for the night, she would walk with them to the door and wait till a puff of wind blew the corn ears apart, and she could see the sky.

'If the swallow would only come now,' she said to herself, 'I would go with him to the end of the world.' But he never came!

'Your outfit is all finished,' said the field-mouse one day when the berries were red and the leaves yellow, 'and the mole and I have decided that your wedding shall be in four weeks' time.'

'Oh, not so soon! not so soon!' cried Maia, bursting into tears; which made the field-mouse very angry, and declare that Maia had no more sense than other girls, and did not know what was good for her. Then the mole arrived, and carried her on his back to see the new house he had dug for her, which was so very far under ground that Maia's tiny legs could never bring her up even as high as the field-mouse's dwelling, from which she might see the sunlight. Her heart grew heavier and heavier as the days went by, and in the last evening of all she crept out into the field among the stubble, to watch the sun set before she bade it good-bye for ever.

'Farewell, farewell,' she said 'and farewell to my little swallow. Ah! if he only knew, he would come to help me.'

'Twit! twit,' cried a voice just above her; and the swallow fluttered to the ground beside her. 'You look sad; are you really going to let that ugly mole marry you?'

'I shall soon die, that is one comfort,' she answered weeping. But the swallow only said:

'Tut! tut! get on my back, as I told you before, and I will take you to a land where the sun always shines, and you will soon forget that such a creature as a mole ever existed.'

'Yes, I will come,' said Maia.

Then the swallow tore off one of the corn stalks with his strong beak, and bade her tie it safely to his wing. And they started off, flying, flying south for many a day.

Oh! how happy Maia was to see the beautiful earth again! A hundred times she longed for the swallow to stop, but he always told her that the best was yet to be; and they flew on and on, only halting for short rests, till they reached a place covered with tall white marble pillars, some standing high, wreathed in vines, out of which endless swallows' heads were peeping; others lying stretched among the flowers, white, yellow, and blue.

'I live up there,' said the swallow, pointing to the tallest of the pillars. 'But such a house would never do for you, as you would only fall out of it and kill yourself. So choose one of those flowers below, and you shall have it for your own, and sleep all night curled up in its leaves.'

'I will have that one,' answered Maia, pointing to a white flower shaped like a star, with a tiny crinkled wreath of red and yellow in its centre, and a long stem that swayed in the wind; 'that one is the prettiest of all, and it smells so sweet.' Then the swallow flew down towards it; but as they drew near they saw a tiny little manikin with a crown on his head, and wings on his shoulders, balancing himself on one of the leaves. 'Ah, that is the king of the flower-spirits,' whispered the swallow. And the king stretched out his hands to Maia, and helped her to jump from the swallow's back.

'I have waited for you for a long while,' said he, 'and now you have come at last to be my queen.'

And Maia smiled, and stood beside him as all the fairies that dwelt in the flowers ran to fetch presents for her; and the best of them all

was a pair of lovely gauzy blue wings to help fly about like one of themselves.

So instead of marrying the mole, Little Maia was crowned a queen, and the fairies danced round her in a ring, while the swallow sang the wedding song.

**LITHUANIA**

The Three Princes and Their Beasts  
 by Andrew Lang  
 from The Violet Fairy Book  
 Project Gutenberg Etext #641

Once on a time there were three princes, who had a step-sister. One day they all set out hunting together. When they had gone some way through a thick wood they came on a great grey wolf with three cubs. Just as they were going to shoot, the wolf spoke and said, 'Do not shoot me, and I will give each of you one of my young ones. It will be a faithful friend to you.'

So the princes went on their way, and a little wolf followed each of them.

Soon after they came on a lioness with three cubs. And she too begged them not to shoot her, and she would give each of them a cub. And so it happened with a fox, a hare, a boar, and a bear, till each prince had quite a following of young beasts padding along behind him.

Towards evening they came to a clearing in the wood, where three birches grew at the crossing of three roads. The eldest prince took an arrow, and shot it into the trunk of one of the birch trees. Turning to his brothers he said:

'Let each of us mark one of these trees before we part on different ways. When any one of us comes back to this place, he must walk round the trees of the other two, and if he sees blood flowing from the mark in the tree he will know that that brother is dead, but if milk flows he will know that his brother is alive.'

So each of the princes did as the eldest brother had said, and when the three birches were marked by their arrows they turned to their step-sister and asked her with which of them she meant to live.

'With the eldest,' she answered. Then the brothers separated from each other, and each of them set out down a different road, followed by their beasts. And the step-sister went with the eldest prince.

After they had gone a little way along the road they came into a forest, and in one of the deepest glades they suddenly found themselves opposite a castle in which there lived a band of robbers. The prince walked up to the door and knocked. The moment it was opened the beasts rushed in, and

each seized on a robber, killed him, and dragged the body down to the cellar. Now, one of the robbers was not really killed, only badly wounded, but he lay quite still and pretended to be dead like the others. Then the prince and his step-sister entered the castle and took up their abode in it.

The next morning the prince went out hunting. Before leaving he told his step-sister that she might go into every room in the house except into the cave where the dead robbers lay. But as soon as his back was turned she forgot what he had said, and having wandered through all the other rooms she went down to the cellar and opened the door. As soon as she looked in the robber who had only pretended to be dead sat up and said to her:

'Don't be afraid. Do what I tell you, and I will be your friend. If you marry me you will be much happier with me than with your brother. But you must first go into the sitting-room and look in the cupboard.

There you will find three bottles. In one of them there is a healing ointment which you must put on my chin to heal the wound; then if I drink the contents of the second bottle it will make me well, and the third bottle will make me stronger than I ever was before. Then, when your brother comes back from the wood with his beasts you must go to him and say, "Brother, you are very strong. If I were to fasten your thumbs behind your back with a stout silk cord, could you wrench yourself free?" And when you see that he cannot do it, call me.'

When the brother came home, the step-sister did as the robber had told her, and fastened her brother's thumbs behind his back. But with one wrench he set himself free, and said to her, 'Sister, that cord is not strong enough for me.'

The next day he went back to the wood with his beasts, and the robber told her that she must take a much stouter cord to bind his thumbs with. But again he freed himself, though not so easily as the first time, and he said to his sister:

'Even that cord is not strong enough.'

The third day, on his return from the wood he consented to have his strength tested for the last time. So she took a very strong cord of silk, which she had prepared by the robber's advice, and this time, though the prince pulled and tugged with all his might, he could not break the cord. So he called to her and said: 'Sister, this time the

cord is so strong I cannot break it. Come and unfasten it for me.'

But instead of coming she called to the robber, who rushed into the room brandishing a knife, with which he prepared to attack the prince.

But the prince spoke and said:

'Have patience for one minute. I would like before I die to blow three blasts on my hunting horn--one in this room, one on the stairs, and one in the courtyard.'

So the robber consented, and the prince blew the horn. At the first blast, the fox, which was asleep in the cage in the courtyard, awoke, and knew that his master needed help. So he awoke the wolf by flicking him across the eyes with his brush. Then they awoke the lion, who sprang against the door of the cage with might and main, so that it fell in splinters on the ground, and the beasts were free. Rushing through the court to their master's aid, the fox gnawed the cord in two that bound the prince's thumbs behind his back, and the lion flung himself on the robber, and when he had killed him and torn him in pieces each of the beasts carried off a bone.

Then the prince turned to the step-sister and said:

'I will not kill you, but I will leave you here to repent.' And he fastened her with a chain to the wall, and put a great bowl in front of her and said, 'I will not see you again till you have filled this bowl with your tears.'

So saying, he called his beasts, and set out on his travels. When he had gone a little way he came to an inn. Everyone in the inn seemed so sad that he asked them what was the matter.

'Ah,' replied they, 'to-day our king's daughter is to die. She is to be handed over to a dreadful nine-headed dragon.'

Then the prince said: 'Why should she die? I am very strong, I will save her.'

And he set out to the sea-shore, where the dragon was to meet the princess. And as he waited with his beasts round him a great procession came along, accompanying the unfortunate princess: and when the shore was reached all the people left her, and returned sadly to their houses.

But the prince remained, and soon he saw a movement in the water a long way off. As it came nearer, he knew what it was, for skimming swiftly along the waters came a monster dragon with nine heads. Then the prince took counsel with his beasts, and as the dragon approached the shore

the fox drew his brush through the water and blinded the dragon by scattering the salt water in his eyes, while the bear and the lion threw up more water with their paws, so that the monster was bewildered and could see nothing. Then the prince rushed forward with his sword and killed the dragon, and the beasts tore the body in pieces.

Then the princess turned to the prince and thanked him for delivering her from the dragon, and she said to him:

'Step into this carriage with me, and we will drive back to my father's palace.' And she gave him a ring and half of her handkerchief. But on the way back the coachman and footman spoke to one another and said: 'Why should we drive this stranger back to the palace? Let us kill him, and then we can say to the king that we slew the dragon and saved the princess, and one of us shall marry her.'

So they killed the prince, and left him dead on the roadside. And the faithful beasts came round the dead body and wept, and wondered what they should do. Then suddenly the wolf had an idea, and he started off into the wood, where he found an ox, which he straightway killed. Then he called the fox, and told him to mount guard over the dead ox, and if a bird came past and tried to peck at the flesh he was to catch it and bring it to the lion. Soon after a crow flew past, and began to peck at the dead ox. In a moment the fox had caught it and brought it to the lion. Then the lion said to the crow:

'We will not kill you if you will promise to fly to the town where there are three wells of healing and to bring back water from them in your beak to make this dead man alive.'

So the crow flew away, and she filled her beak at the well of healing, the well of strength, and the well of swiftness, and she flew back to the dead prince and dropped the water from her beak upon his lips, and he was healed, and could sit up and walk.

Then he set out for the town, accompanied by his faithful beasts.

And when they reached the king's palace they found that preparations for a great feast were being made, for the princess was to marry the coachman.

So the prince walked into the palace, and went straight up to the coachman and said: 'What token have you got that you killed the dragon and won the hand of the princess? I have her token here--this ring and half her handkerchief.'

And when the king saw these tokens he knew that the prince was speaking the truth. So the coachman was bound in chains and thrown into prison, and the prince was married to the princess and rewarded with half the kingdom.

One day, soon after his marriage, the prince was walking through the woods in the evening, followed by his faithful beasts. Darkness came on, and he lost his way, and wandered about among the trees looking for the path that would lead him back to the palace. As he walked he saw the light of a fire, and making his way to it he found an old woman raking sticks and dried leaves together, and burning them in a glade of the wood.

As he was very tired, and the night was very dark, the prince determined not to wander further. So he asked the old woman if he might spend the night beside her fire.

'Of course you may,' she answered. 'But I am afraid of your beasts. Let me hit them with my rod, and then I shall not be afraid of them.'

'Very well,' said the prince, 'I don't mind'; and she stretched out her rod and hit the beasts, and in one moment they were turned into stone, and so was the prince.

Now soon after this the prince's youngest brother came to the cross-roads with the three birches, where the brothers had parted from each other when they set out on their wanderings. Remembering what they had agreed to do, he walked round the two trees, and when he saw that blood oozed from the cut in the eldest prince's tree he knew that his brother must be dead. So he set out, followed by his beasts, and came to the town over which his brother had ruled, and where the princess he had married lived. And when he came into the town all the people were in great sorrow because their prince had disappeared.

But when they saw his youngest brother, and the beasts following him, they thought it was their own prince, and they rejoiced greatly, and told him how they had sought him everywhere. Then they led him to the king, and he too thought that it was his son-in-law. But the princess knew that he was not her husband, and she begged him to go out into the woods with his beasts, and to look for his brother till he found him.

So the youngest prince set out to look for his brother, and he too lost his way in the wood and night overtook him. Then he came to the clearing among the trees, where the fire was burning and where the old woman was

raking sticks and leaves into the flames. And he asked her if he might spend the night beside her fire, as it was too late and too dark to go back to the town.

And she answered: 'Certainly you may. But I am afraid of your beasts. May I give them a stroke with my rod, then I shall not be afraid of them.'

And he said she might, for he did not know that she was a witch. So she stretched out her rod, and in a moment the beasts and their master were turned into stone.

It happened soon after that the second brother returned from his wanderings and came to the cross-roads where the three birches grew. As he went round the trees he saw that blood poured from the cuts in the bark of two of the trees. Then he wept and said:

'Alas! both my brothers are dead.' And he too set out towards the town in which his brother had ruled, and his faithful beasts followed him.

When he entered the town, all the people thought it was their own prince come back to them, and they gathered round him, as they had gathered round his youngest brother, and asked him where he had been and why he had not returned. And they led him to the king's palace, but the princess knew that he was not her husband. So when they were alone together she besought him to go and seek for his brother and bring him home. Calling his beasts round him, he set out and wandered through the woods. And he put his ear down to the earth, to listen if he could hear the sound of his brother's beasts. And it seemed to him as if he heard a faint sound far off, but he did not know from what direction it came. So he blew on his hunting horn and listened again. And again he heard the sound, and this time it seemed to come from the direction of a fire burning in the wood. So he went towards the fire, and there the old woman was raking sticks and leaves into the embers. And he asked her if he might spend the night beside her fire. But she told him she was afraid of his beasts, and he must first allow her to give each of them a stroke with her rod.

But he answered her:

'Certainly not. I am their master, and no one shall strike them but I myself. Give me the rod'; and he touched the fox with it, and in a moment it was turned into stone. Then he knew that the old woman was a witch, and he turned to her and said:

'Unless you restore my brothers and their beasts back to life at once,  
my lion will tear you in pieces.'

Then the witch was terrified, and taking a young oak tree she burnt  
it into white ashes, and sprinkled the ashes on the stones that stood  
around. And in a moment the two princes stood before their brother, and  
their beasts stood round them.

Then the three princes set off together to the town. And the king did  
not know which was his son-in-law, but the princess knew which was her  
husband, and there were great rejoicings throughout the land.

**ITALY****The Serpent Prince**

By Basile, via Montalba

from *Fairy Tales From all Nations*

There lived once a peasant's wife who would have given all she possessed to have a child, but yet she never had one.

One day her husband brought home a bundle of twigs from the wood, out of which crept a pretty little young serpent. When Sabatella, that was the peasant woman's name, saw the little serpent, she sighed deeply and said: "Even serpents have their offspring; I alone am so unfortunate as to remain childless!"

"Since you are childless," replied the little serpent, "take me in lieu of a child; you shall have no cause to repent, and I will love you more than a son."

When Sabatella heard the serpent speak, she was at first ready to go out of her wits from fright; but at length taking courage said: "If it be only for your kind words, I will love you as well as if you were my own child."

So saying, she showed the serpent a cupboard in the house for his bed, and she gave him a share, daily, of all she had to eat, and so the serpent grew; and when he was quite grown up, he said to the peasant, Cola Mattheo by name, whom he considered in the light of a father:

"Dear Papa, I wish to marry."

"I am willing," said Mattheo; "we will look about for a serpent like yourself, and conclude the alliance at once."

"Why so," replied the serpent; "we shall then only become connected with vipers, and similar vermin. I greatly prefer to marry the king's daughter; so pray go forthwith, solicit the king for her, and say that a serpent wishes to have her for his wife."

Cola Mattheo, who was a simple-minded man, went without further delay to the king, and said: "The persons of messengers are always held sacred. Know, therefore, that a serpent desires to have your daughter for his wife; and I am come hither in my capacity of gardener to see whether I can graft a dove upon a serpent."

The king, perceiving that he was somewhat of a booby, in order to get rid of him, said: "Go home, and tell this serpent that if he can turn

all the fruit in this garden into gold, I will give him my daughter in marriage," and laughing heartily, he dismissed the peasant.

When Cola Mattheo reported the king's answer, the serpent replied: "Go early in the morning and collect all the fruit kernels you can find throughout the city, and sow them in the royal garden; then you shall behold a wonder."

Cola Mattheo, who was a great simpleton, said nothing, but as soon as the sun with his golden besom had swept away the shades of night, he took his basket under his arm, went from street to street, carefully picking up every seed and kernel of peach, pomegranate, apricot, cherry, and all other fruits he could find. Then he sowed them in the royal garden as the serpent had desired him,--which he had no sooner done than he perceived the stems of the trees, together with their leaves, flowers, and fruit, all turn into shining gold; and the king, when he saw it, went almost out of his senses, and could not tell what to make of the affair.

But when Cola Mattheo was sent by the serpent to request the king to perform his promise, the king replied: "Not so fast! For if the serpent really desires to have my daughter in marriage, he must do something more; and, in fact, I should like him to change the walls and the paths in my garden into precious stones."

On this new demand being reported to the serpent, he said: "Go early in the morning and collect all the potsherds you can find on the ground; strew them in the paths and on the walls of the garden; then we shall soon make the king perform his promise."

And when the night had passed away, Cola Mattheo took a great basket and collected all the bits of broken pots, pans, jugs, cups and saucers, and all similar rubbish; and when he had done with them as the serpent desired him, the garden was suddenly covered with emeralds, rubies, chalcedonies, and carbuncles, so that its brilliancy dazzled all eyes, and astonished all hearts. The king was almost petrified at this spectacle, and knew not what had befallen him.

When, however, the serpent caused him to be again reminded of his promise, he answered: "All this is nothing yet. I must have this palace quite filled with gold."

When Cola brought this further put-off from the king, the serpent only said: "Go and take a bunch of green herbs, and sweep the floors of the

palace with it; then we shall see what will happen."

Mattheo directly made a great bunch of purslain, marjoram, rue, and chervil, with which he swept the floors of the palace, and immediately the rooms were filled with gold in such quantities, that poverty must have fled at least a hundred houses off.

Now when the peasant went once more in the name of the serpent to demand the princess, the king found himself constrained at last to keep his promise. He called his daughter, and said: "My beloved Grannonia, in order to make sport of an individual who requested you in marriage, I required things of him which seemed impossible. As, however, I now find myself obliged to fulfil my promise--I entreat you, my dutiful daughter, not to bring my word to disgrace, but that you will resign yourself to what Heaven wills, and I am constrained to do."

"Do as you please, my lord and father," answered Grannonia, "for I will not depart one hair's breadth from what you desire."

On hearing this the king desired Cola Mattheo to conduct the serpent to his presence; who accordingly repaired to court in a carriage made entirely of gold, drawn by four elephants, also of gold. As they passed along, however, everybody fled before them, from terror at seeing such a dreadfully large serpent.

When the serpent reached the palace, the courtiers shuddered and trembled; even the very scullions ran away, and the king and queen shut themselves up in a remote chamber. Grannonia alone retained her self-possession; and although her royal parents called to her, saying: "Fly, fly, Grannonia!" she stirred not from the spot, and merely said: "I will not flee from the husband whom you have given me."

No sooner had the serpent entered the apartment, than he encircled Grannonia with his tail, kissed her, then drew her into another chamber, locked the door, and stripping off his skin, was transformed into a remarkably handsome young man, with golden locks and bright eyes, who immediately embraced Grannonia with the utmost tenderness, and paid her the most flattering attentions.

The king, on seeing the serpent lock himself into another room with the princess, said to his wife: "Heaven have pity on our poor daughter; for, unquestionably, all is over with her. This confounded serpent has, no doubt, by this time swallowed her up like the yolk of

an egg." And they peeped through the keyhole to see what had happened. But when they beheld the surprising elegance and beauty of the young man, and perceived the serpent skin, which had been thrown down on the ground, they burst open the door, rushed in, and seizing the skin, threw it into the fire, where it was instantly consumed. Whereupon the young man exclaimed: "Ah! you wretched people, what have you done to me!" and changing himself into a pigeon, he flew with such force against the window glass, that it broke, and he flew through, although very much injured.

Grannonia, who in one and the same moment beheld herself thus rejoicing and grieving, happy and unhappy, rich and poor, complained bitterly at this destruction of her happiness, this poisoning of her joy, this sad change of her fortune, all of which she laid to the charge of her parents, although these assured her they had not intended to do wrong. She, however, ceased not to bemoan herself until night drew in, and as soon as all the inmates of the palace were in their beds, she collected all her jewels, and went out at a back door, determined to search till she should again find her lost treasure.

When she got beyond the city, guided by the moonshine, she met a fox, who offered to be her companion; to which Grannonia replied: "You are heartily welcome to me, neighbour, for I do not know the district very well."

They went on together a considerable way, and reached a forest, where the tops of the lofty trees met on high, and formed an agreeable canopy over their heads. As they were weary with walking, and wished to repose, they went under the thick leafy roof, where a rivulet sported with the fresh grass, sprinkling it with its clear drops.

They lay down on the mossy carpet, paid the debt of sleep to nature for the wear and tear of life, and did not wake until the sun with his wonted fire gave notice that men might resume their avocations; but after they had risen, they stood awhile listening to the song of the little birds, as Grannonia took infinite pleasure in hearing their twittering.

When the fox perceived this, he said: "If you understood, as I do, what they say, your pleasure would be infinitely greater."

Excited by his words--for curiosity as well as love of gossip is a natural gift in all women--Grannonia begged the fox to tell her what

he had learned from the birds.

The fox allowed her to urge him for a considerable time, in order to awaken still greater curiosity for what he was going to relate; but at length he told her that the birds were conversing about a misfortune which had befallen the son of a king, who, having given offence to a wicked enchantress, had been doomed by her to remain for seven long years in the form of a serpent. The period of his enchantment arriving at its close, he had fallen in love with the daughter of a king, and having, on finding himself in a room alone with her, stripped off his serpent's skin, her parents had broken in upon them and had burnt the skin; whereupon the prince, by flying through a window in the form of a pigeon, had so severely injured himself, that the surgeons had no hope of his recovery.

Grannonia, on hearing the history of her beloved prince, immediately inquired whose son the prince might be, and if there were any means by which his cure could be effected. The fox replied, that those birds had said that he was the son of the King of Ballone-Grosso, and that no other means existed of stopping up the holes in his head, so that his reason should not evaporate through them, but to anoint the wounds with the blood of those very birds who had narrated the circumstance. On hearing these words, Grannonia besought the fox to be so very kind as to catch the birds for her, that she might get their blood, and promised to share with him the profit she would make by curing the prince.

"Softly to work," said the fox; "let us wait till night, and when the birds are gone to roost, I will climb the tree and strangle them one after the other."

So he passed the day talking alternately of the beauty of the king's son, of the father of the princess, and of the misfortune that had befallen her, till at length night came on. When the fox saw all the little birds asleep on the branches, he climbed very quietly and cautiously up, and caught all the chaffinches, goldfinches, and fly-catchers that were on the tree, killed them, and put their blood in a little flask he carried with him, in order to refresh himself on the road.

Grannonia was expressing her delight at this success, when the fox said to her: "My dear daughter, your joy is all in vain; for you have

gained nothing at all, unless besides the blood of the birds you also possess mine, which I certainly do not mean to give you;" and so saying, off he ran.

Grannonia, who saw that all her hopes were about to be annihilated, in order to obtain her desires, had recourse to cunning and flattery; so she cried out to him: "Dear daddy fox, you would be quite in the right to take care of your skin, if I were not so much indebted to you, and if there were no more foxes in the world. But since you know how much I have to thank you for, and that in these fields there is no lack of creatures of your kind, you may rely without uneasiness on me, and therefore do not act like the cow who kicks down the pail after she has filled it with her milk. Stand still, do not leave me, but accompany me to this king's city, in order that he may hire me of you for a servant."

The fox into whose head it never entered that a fox could ever be duped, found himself, however, deceived by a woman; for he had scarcely given his assent to accompanying Grannonia, and had not gone fifty paces with her, before she ungratefully knocked him down with the stick she carried, killed him, and poured his blood into the flask.

She then ran off as fast as she could, until she reached Ballone-Grosso. There she went straight to the royal palace, and caused the king to be informed she was come to cure the prince's wounds.

The king had her immediately brought into his presence, greatly surprised that a young maiden should promise to do that which the most skilful surgeons in his kingdom acknowledged themselves incompetent to effect. But as there would be no harm in trying, he gave her permission to make the experiment.

Grannonia, however, said: "If I fulfil your wishes, you must promise to give me your son for my husband." The king, who had lost all hope of seeing his son restored, replied: "Only restore him to health and spirits, and you shall have him just as you make him. For it is not too much for me to give a husband to one who gives me a son." So they went into the prince's room, and no sooner had Grannonia anointed him with the blood than he was entirely cured. Now when Grannonia saw him well and cheerful, she said to the king that he must

keep his word; whereupon the latter turned to his son, and spoke thus: "My dear son, but lately I looked upon you as dead, and now, when I least expected, I see you again living and well; and since I promised this young maiden in case she restored you, that you should become her husband, and as heaven has been so gracious to me, enable me, if you have any regard for me, to fulfil my promise, for gratitude constrains me to recompense this service."

The prince replied: "My lord and father, I wish my will were as free as my love for you is great. But since I have already given my word to another woman, you would not wish that I should break my promise; and this young maiden herself will not counsel me to act so faithlessly to her whom I love, therefore I must remain true to my choice."

When Grannonia heard these words, and perceived that the prince retained the memory of her so vividly in his heart, she felt unspeakable joy, and said, whilst she blushed to crimson: "But if I persuade the maiden whom you love, to renounce her claim on you, would you then comply with my wish?"

"Far be it from me," replied the prince, "that I should ever efface the fair image of my beloved from my breast. Whatever she may do, my desire and my sentiments will remain unaltered; and were I to risk my life for it, still I never would consent to the change."

Grannonia, who could no longer conceal her feelings, now made herself known; for the darkness of the chamber, where all the curtains were drawn on account of the prince's illness, and her own disguise, had entirely prevented him from recognising her. The moment he perceived who she was, he embraced her with indescribable joy, and then related to his father who she was, and what she had done for him.

Then they sent for the parents of the princess, and the marriage festival was celebrated with great rejoicings, so that it was again made manifest that for the joys of love, sorrow is ever the best seasoning.

**NATIVE AMERICAN****The Soft-Hearted Sioux**

by Zitkala-Sa

from *American Indian Stories*

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Beside the open fire I sat within our tepee. With my red blanket wrapped tightly about my crossed legs, I was thinking of the coming season, my sixteenth winter. On either side of the wigwam were my parents. My father was whistling a tune between his teeth while polishing with his bare hand a red stone pipe he had recently carved. Almost in front of me, beyond the center fire, my old grandmother sat near the entranceway. She turned her face toward her right and addressed most of her words to my mother. Now and then she spoke to me, but never did she allow her eyes to rest upon her daughter's husband, my father. It was only upon rare occasions that my grandmother said anything to him. Thus his ears were open and ready to catch the smallest wish she might express.

Sometimes when my grandmother had been saying things which pleased him, my father used to comment upon them. At other times, when he could not approve of what was spoken, he used to work or smoke silently.

On this night my old grandmother began her talk about me. Filling the bowl of her red stone pipe with dry willow bark, she looked across at me.

"My grandchild, you are tall and are no longer a little boy." Narrowing her old eyes, she asked, "My grandchild, when are you going to bring here a handsome young woman?" I stared into the fire rather than meet her gaze. Waiting for my answer, she stooped forward and through the long stem drew a flame into the red stone pipe.

I smiled while my eyes were still fixed upon the bright fire, but I said nothing in reply. Turning to my mother, she offered her the pipe. I glanced at my grandmother. The loose buckskin sleeve fell off at her elbow and showed a wrist covered with silver bracelets. Holding up the fingers of her left hand, she named off the desirable young women of our village.

"Which one, my grandchild, which one?" she questioned.

"Hoh!" I said, pulling at my blanket in confusion. "Not yet!" Here my mother passed the pipe over the fire to my father. Then she, too, began

speaking of what I should do.

"My son, be always active. Do not dislike a long hunt. Learn to provide much buffalo meat and many buckskins before you bring home a wife." Presently my father gave the pipe to my grandmother, and he took his turn in the exhortations.

"Ho, my son, I have been counting in my heart the bravest warriors of our people. There is not one of them who won his title in his sixteenth winter. My son, it is a great thing for some brave of sixteen winters to do."

Not a word had I to give in answer. I knew well the fame of my warrior father. He had earned the right of speaking such words, though even he himself was a brave only at my age. Refusing to smoke my grandmother's pipe because my heart was too much stirred by their words, and sorely troubled with a fear lest I should disappoint them, I arose to go.

Drawing my blanket over my shoulders, I said, as I stepped toward the entranceway: "I go to hobble my pony. It is now late in the night."

Nine winters' snows had buried deep that night when my old grandmother, together with my father and mother, designed my future with the glow of a camp fire upon it.

Yet I did not grow up the warrior, huntsman, and husband I was to have been. At the mission school I learned it was wrong to kill. Nine winters I hunted for the soft heart of Christ, and prayed for the huntsmen who chased the buffalo on the plains.

In the autumn of the tenth year I was sent back to my tribe to preach Christianity to them. With the white man's Bible in my hand, and the white man's tender heart in my breast, I returned to my own people. Wearing a foreigner's dress, I walked, a stranger, into my father's village.

Asking my way, for I had not forgotten my native tongue, an old man led me toward the tepee where my father lay. From my old companion I learned that my father had been sick many moons. As we drew near the tepee, I heard the chanting of a medicine-man within it. At once I wished to enter in and drive from my home the sorcerer of the plains, but the old warrior checked me. "Ho, wait outside until the medicine-man leaves your father," he said. While talking he scanned me from head to feet. Then he retraced his steps toward the heart of the camping-ground.

My father's dwelling was on the outer limits of the round-faced village. With every heartthrob I grew more impatient to enter the wigwam. While I turned the leaves of my Bible with nervous fingers, the medicine-man came forth from the dwelling and walked hurriedly away. His head and face were closely covered with the loose robe which draped his entire figure.

He was tall and large. His long strides I have never forgot. They seemed to me then the uncanny gait of eternal death. Quickly pocketing my Bible, I went into the tepee.

Upon a mat lay my father, with furrowed face and gray hair. His eyes and cheeks were sunken far into his head. His sallow skin lay thin upon his pinched nose and high cheekbones. Stooping over him, I took his fevered hand. "How, Ate?" I greeted him. A light flashed from his listless eyes and his dried lips parted. "My son!" he murmured, in a feeble voice.

Then again the wave of joy and recognition receded. He closed his eyes, and his hand dropped from my open palm to the ground.

Looking about, I saw an old woman sitting with bowed head. Shaking hands with her, I recognized my mother. I sat down between my father and mother as I used to do, but I did not feel at home. The place where my old grandmother used to sit was now unoccupied. With my mother I bowed my head. Alike our throats were choked and tears were streaming from our eyes; but far apart in spirit our ideas and faiths separated us. My grief was for the soul unsaved; and I thought my mother wept to see a brave man's body broken by sickness.

Useless was my attempt to change the faith in the medicine-man to that abstract power named God. Then one day I became righteously mad with anger that the medicine-man should thus ensnare my father's soul. And when he came to chant his sacred songs I pointed toward the door and bade him go! The man's eyes glared upon me for an instant. Slowly gathering his robe about him, he turned his back upon the sick man and stepped out of our wigwam. "Ha, ha, ha! my son, I can not live without the medicine-man!" I heard my father cry when the sacred man was gone.

On a bright day, when the winged seeds of the prairie-grass were flying hither and thither, I walked solemnly toward the centre of the camping-ground. My heart beat hard and irregularly at my side. Tighter I grasped the sacred book I carried under my arm. Now was the beginning of

life's work.

Though I knew it would be hard, I did not once feel that failure was to be my reward. As I stepped unevenly on the rolling ground, I thought of the warriors soon to wash off their war-paints and follow me.

At length I reached the place where the people had assembled to hear me preach. In a large circle men and women sat upon the dry red grass.

Within the ring I stood, with the white man's Bible in my hand. I tried to tell them of the soft heart of Christ.

In silence the vast circle of bareheaded warriors sat under an afternoon sun. At last, wiping the wet from my brow, I took my place in the ring.

The hush of the assembly filled me with great hope.

I was turning my thoughts upward to the sky in gratitude, when a stir called me to earth again.

A tall, strong man arose. His loose robe hung in folds over his right shoulder. A pair of snapping black eyes fastened themselves like the poisonous fangs of a serpent upon me. He was the medicine-man. A tremor played about my heart and a chill cooled the fire in my veins.

Scornfully he pointed a long forefinger in my direction and asked:

"What loyal son is he who, returning to his father's people, wears a foreigner's dress?" He paused a moment, and then continued: "The dress of that foreigner of whom a story says he bound a native of our land, and heaping dry sticks around him, kindled a fire at his feet!" Waving his hand toward me, he exclaimed, "Here is the traitor to his people!"

I was helpless. Before the eyes of the crowd the cunning magician turned my honest heart into a vile nest of treachery. Alas! the people frowned as they looked upon me.

"Listen!" he went on. "Which one of you who have eyed the young man can see through his bosom and warn the people of the nest of young snakes hatching there? Whose ear was so acute that he caught the hissing of snakes whenever the young man opened his mouth? This one has not only proven false to you, but even to the Great Spirit who made him. He is a fool! Why do you sit here giving ear to a foolish man who could not defend his people because he fears to kill, who could not bring venison to renew the life of his sick father? With his prayers, let him drive away the enemy! With his soft heart, let him keep off starvation! We shall go elsewhere to dwell upon an untainted ground."

With this he disbanded the people. When the sun lowered in the west and

the winds were quiet, the village of cone-shaped tepees was gone. The medicine-man had won the hearts of the people. Only my father's dwelling was left to mark the fighting-ground.

From a long night at my father's bedside I came out to look upon the morning. The yellow sun hung equally between the snow-covered land and the cloudless blue sky. The light of the new day was cold. The strong breath of winter crusted the snow and fitted crystal shells over the rivers and lakes. As I stood in front of the tepee, thinking of the vast prairies which separated us from our tribe, and wondering if the high sky likewise separated the soft-hearted Son of God from us, the icy blast from the North blew through my hair and skull. My neglected hair had grown long and fell upon my neck.

My father had not risen from his bed since the day the medicine-man led the people away. Though I read from the Bible and prayed beside him upon my knees, my father would not listen. Yet I believed my prayers were not unheeded in heaven.

"Ha, ha, ha! my son," my father groaned upon the first snowfall. "My son, our food is gone. There is no one to bring me meat! My son, your soft heart has unfitted you for everything!" Then covering his face with the buffalo-robe, he said no more. Now while I stood out in that cold winter morning, I was starving. For two days I had not seen any food. But my own cold and hunger did not harass my soul as did the whining cry of the sick old man.

Stepping again into the tepee, I untied my snow-shoes, which were fastened to the tent-poles.

My poor mother, watching by the sick one, and faithfully heaping wood upon the centre fire, spoke to me:

"My son, do not fail again to bring your father meat, or he will starve to death."

"How, Ina," I answered, sorrowfully. From the tepee I started forth again to hunt food for my aged parents. All day I tracked the white level lands in vain. Nowhere, nowhere were there any other footprints but my own! In the evening of this third fast-day I came back without meat. Only a bundle of sticks for the fire I brought on my back.

Dropping the wood outside, I lifted the door-flap and set one foot within the tepee.

There I grew dizzy and numb. My eyes swam in tears. Before me lay my old gray-haired father sobbing like a child. In his horny hands he clutched the buffalo-robe, and with his teeth he was gnawing off the edges. Chewing the dry stiff hair and buffalo-skin, my father's eyes sought my hands. Upon seeing them empty, he cried out:

"My son, your soft heart will let me starve before you bring me meat!  
Two hills eastward stand a herd of cattle. Yet you will see me die  
before you bring me food!"

Leaving my mother lying with covered head upon her mat, I rushed out into the night.

With a strange warmth in my heart and swiftness in my feet, I climbed over the first hill, and soon the second one. The moonlight upon the white country showed me a clear path to the white man's cattle. With my hand upon the knife in my belt, I leaned heavily against the fence while counting the herd.

Twenty in all I numbered. From among them I chose the best-fattened creature. Leaping over the fence, I plunged my knife into it.

My long knife was sharp, and my hands, no more fearful and slow, slashed off choice chunks of warm flesh. Bending under the meat I had taken for my starving father, I hurried across the prairie.

Toward home I fairly ran with the life-giving food I carried upon my back. Hardly had I climbed the second hill when I heard sounds coming after me. Faster and faster I ran with my load for my father, but the sounds were gaining upon me. I heard the clicking of snowshoes and the squeaking of the leather straps at my heels; yet I did not turn to see what pursued me, for I was intent upon reaching my father. Suddenly like thunder an angry voice shouted curses and threats into my ear! A rough hand wrenched my shoulder and took the meat from me! I stopped struggling to run. A deafening whir filled my head. The moon and stars began to move. Now the white prairie was sky, and the stars lay under my feet. Now again they were turning. At last the starry blue rose up into place. The noise in my ears was still. A great quiet filled the air. In my hand I found my long knife dripping with blood. At my feet a man's figure lay prone in blood-red snow. The horrible scene about me seemed a trick of my senses, for I could not understand it was real. Looking long upon the blood-stained snow, the load of meat for my starving father reached my recognition at last. Quickly I tossed it over my

shoulder and started again homeward.

Tired and haunted I reached the door of the wigwam. Carrying the food before me, I entered with it into the tepee.

"Father, here is food!" I cried, as I dropped the meat near my mother. No answer came. Turning about, I beheld my gray-haired father dead! I saw by the unsteady firelight an old gray-haired skeleton lying rigid and stiff.

Out into the open I started, but the snow at my feet became bloody.

On the day after my father's death, having led my mother to the camp of the medicineman, I gave myself up to those who were searching for the murderer of the paleface.

They bound me hand and foot. Here in this cell I was placed four days ago.

The shrieking winter winds have followed me hither. Rattling the bars, they howl unceasingly: "Your soft heart! your soft heart will see me die before you bring me food!" Hark! something is clanking the chain on the door. It is being opened. From the dark night without a black figure crosses the threshold. \* \* \* It is the guard. He comes to warn me of my fate. He tells me that tomorrow I must die. In his stern face I laugh aloud. I do not fear death.

Yet I wonder who shall come to welcome me in the realm of strange sight. Will the loving Jesus grant me pardon and give my soul a soothing sleep? or will my warrior father greet me and receive me as his son? Will my spirit fly upward to a happy heaven? or shall I sink into the bottomless pit, an outcast from a God of infinite love? Soon, soon I shall know, for now I see the east is growing red. My heart is strong. My face is calm. My eyes are dry and eager for new scenes. My hands hang quietly at my side. Serene and brave, my soul awaits the men to perch me on the gallows for another flight. I go.

\*When these stories were written, Alaska and Hawaii were not yet states of the Union.

\*\*Approximate location per era this story was originally published (early 1900's).

Pushto is an alternate spelling of Pashto, which is an Iranian language also used in Afghanistan and Pakistan. (source: Webster's Abridged)